



ENGLISH METRICAL
HOMILIES.



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(Fol. 1, col. 1.)

I þe viderstād al i m þæt
 þat ei na mā sa þis þat mæ
 Ðel quen sal þe þe last dæg
 þor þe þat al haul for to þenne
 Allet i his þil for to denre

(Fol. 16, col. 1.)

Alder and sum ād hangast
 þat anfarð god ei æþ
 ædferð. Ðer þe deht i
 mæte. A god Aunht i þlone

(Fol. 37, col. 1.)

I n heum ou here þan tale. I scalle
 A ud signis dūne on erpe lalle
 þe talð þann unam takms sē
 þat ei nā nede alle rekin here



English Metrical Homilies

FROM

MANUSCRIPTS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

WITH

An Introduction and Notes

BY

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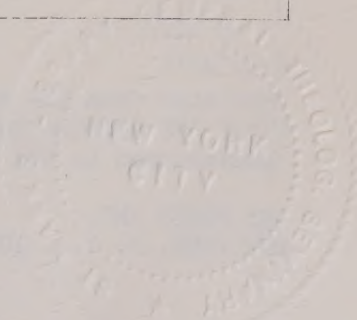
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INTRODUCTION.



IF the ancient English devotional MSS. which have escaped the ravages of time, perhaps not the least interesting is a Collection of Metrical Homilies or Paraphrases on those portions of the Gospels which were read at the usual services of the Church.

This Collection is remarkable in many respects, more especially from its containing numerous legends of saints and illustrative tales, which must have rendered it a very popular book in the Middle Ages. At the same time these legends in all probability marked it out as an object of mutilation or destruction at the period of the Reformation, when so many memorials of the former religion were destroyed by the zeal of the reformers—a zeal which was especially directed against books used in the service of the Church, or in the private devotions of the people.

Fortunately, however, there are preserved in the Manuscript Collections of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the British Museum, and the Lambeth Library, London, complete copies of this series of Homilies, which, though verified, afford a graphic view of the style of popular preaching at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries.

A rubric at the end of one of these MSS. preserved in the University of Cambridge, supplies the title of the Collection, which is—

“*Dominicalia Evangelia et Miracula valde bona et notabilia
in Lingua Anglicana.*”

The object of the Collection appears to have been to afford a metrical service for the Sundays and Festivals from Advent onwards throughout the year. Each sermon is appropriately illustrated by a scriptural narrative, a legend from the lives of the saints, or a popular tale analogous to the ancient French *fabliaux*, to render it more attractive to the common people, for whose benefit the Collection was composed.

The various MSS. which exist in England are carefully described in the printed catalogues of the collections where they are preserved, and the following is a list of five copies to be found in the libraries above mentioned, none of which are earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century :—

Cambridge University MS.,	.	.	D d I. 1. ¹
” ”	.	.	G g V. 31. ²
Ashmolean MS., Oxford,	.	.	No. 42. ³
Cottonian MS., London,	.	.	Tiberius, E. VII. ⁴
Lambeth MS., ,,	.	.	No. 260. ⁵

The present volume is printed from an ancient MS. preserved in the Library of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh. This MS. contains various fragments of ancient English devotional poetry, together with that portion of the Collection of Sermons which extends from the first Sunday in Advent to the end of the service for the Purification.

¹ Catalogue of Camb. MSS., vol. i., page 1.

² Do. do., vol. iii., page 199.

³ Catalogue of Ashmolean MSS., by Mr Black, page 63.

⁴ Catalogue of the MSS. in the Cottonian Library, 1802, page 40.

⁵ Catalogue of Lambeth MSS., No. 260.

The sermons are defective, however, in many places ; but the portions wanting are supplied in the present volume by extracts from the Cambridge MS. G g V. 31., and the Ashmolean MS. No. 42.

Although the portion of this Collection of Sermons now printed forms but a part of the whole, it possesses some points of philological interest, while the age of the original MS.—being apparently of the early part of the fourteenth century—tends to show that it is probably of a much older date than any of those preserved in the English libraries.

With regard to the authorship of this interesting Collection, nothing can with any certainty be affirmed. The learned compilers of the Catalogue of Manuscripts belonging to the University of Cambridge, when describing the volume marked D d I. 1, which contains probably the oldest copy of this MS. in England, state the time at which it was written as subsequent to the year 1345. This period is inferred from certain references to persons and dates occurring in various poetical treatises contained in the volume, the whole of which is uniformly written throughout. They also conclude that from these references, and from peculiarities in the language, the authorship may be attributed to the famous Hermit Richard Rolle, of Hampole, near Doncaster, who died in 1348, although it has not been included in the list of works certainly known to be his.

This conclusion principally rests on the many allusions in the illustrative legends to incidents in hermit life, and the occurrence of the following lines, which form the concluding portion of a poem, “*De Compassione Beate Marie Virginis*,” included in the volume D d I. 1, and in the same handwriting as the Metrical Sermons :—

“ This ryme mad an hermyte
And dide it wryten in parchemyn
Barfoot he wente in gray habyte
He werid no cloth pat was of lyne
pus on Englisch he dide it wryte

He feyth he drow it of þe Latyn
 His mede lord ihū him quyte
 And feynt bernard clerk of deuyn."

As the Edinburgh MS., however, appears to be much older than the Cambridge MS. D d I. 1, and the other MSS. preserved in the English libraries, it is probable that the original was composed anterior to the time when Hampole flourished. This probability is strengthened by the circumstance that the various copies now extant differ very much in length, and in the order in which the sermons are arranged. It is therefore not unlikely that the collection was the work of several monkish versifiers; and this view seems borne out by the style of the composition, and the frequency with which poems on sacred subjects, in a similar kind of verse, occur in early English literature.

Although the authorship of this interesting Collection of Sermons is a matter of uncertainty, still there can be little doubt that it was composed in the North of England at a very early period, when the Anglo-Saxon was being transformed into English, and when the use of the Anglo-Norman French was not uncommon amongst the educated classes of the people.

As is stated in the Prologue, the design of the author was to make the services of religion intelligible to the unlearned :—

"For al men can noht I wis
 Understand Latin and Frankis."

It is well known that for a long time after the Norman Conquest, which introduced Anglo-Norman French as the court language of England, the common people continued to speak Anglo-Saxon, till, about the time of the thirteenth century, the intercourse between the various classes of society becoming more general, an intermixture of the two languages began to take place.

In a philological point of view, the MS. now printed is very remarkable. The language in which it is written is of the most homely

kind. All difficult expressions, and expositions liable to be misunderstood, are studiously avoided, while the words employed are nearly all derived from the Anglo-Saxon, or rather that modification of it known as Dano-Saxon, and comparatively few occur of Anglo-Norman origin.

In this respect these sermons, like the poem of "*Piers Plowman*," intended for popular use, afford a remarkable contrast to the writings of Chaucer, who, being essentially a Court poet, employed a much larger proportion of Anglo-Norman words in his poetry.

Their greatest philological value, however, consists in their showing that the same broad dialect was common at an early period to Scotland and the North of England. This dialect was derived from a colony of Saxons, who, coming from Sleswick, in the South of Denmark, in A.D. 547, established themselves in Northumberland, and in various parts of Scotland between the Tweed and the Forth.

In this extensive district, far removed from the influence of the Anglo-Norman, which prevailed after the Norman Conquest amongst the inhabitants of the Southern parts of England, this Dano-Saxon or East-Anglian dialect long flourished and resisted the propensity to change which more or less affects all living languages. This dialect was long successfully cultivated, and in it nearly all the English metrical romances of mediæval times were written; while, as Sir Walter Scott has justly remarked, the same flow of romantic and poetical tradition has distinguished these districts almost down to the present time.

On comparing the language in which these Homilies are written, with that of the ancient poems known to have been composed by Scottish authors, both may be considered as being of one and the same dialect; and whilst the Homilies present several peculiarities showing a Northumbrian origin, they tend still further to prove the Dano-Saxon origin of the literary language of Scotland—a subject on which much interesting discussion has taken place in recent times.

It can hardly be supposed that this collection of sermons was written with the view of its being used as a service book of the Church, yet

the Rubric inserted after the Latin poem on the "*Signa ante Judicium*," page 27, seems to imply that the Sermons were intended to be read to the people. This Latin poem (which is wanting in the other MSS.) is ordered to be omitted by the preacher, "*quando legit Anglicum coram laycis*." The sermons may, however, have been intended to be read to the people after the regular services of the Church were concluded; and the singular tales or "narrations," which indicate the rude simplicity of the age, seem to have been introduced more effectually to fix the attention of the audience. It is well known that the most celebrated popular preachers in mediæval times showed a tendency to excite laughter in its turn as well as other emotions.

As illustrative of the familiar style of the Sermons contained in the present volume, and of the singular "narrations" with which they are accompanied, the following outline may be given of the one for the third Sunday after the Octave of Epiphany.

The lesson is from St Matthew's Gospel, viii. 23, being the narrative of the miraculous stilling of the tempest on the Sea of Galilee, which is explained and illustrated as follows:—

The holy Church is represented as a ship floating upon a sea flowing with sin and wickedness. Christ is supposed to be spiritually asleep when he permits good men to become the prey of the evil-disposed. The world is compared to a sea wherein—

—"gret fisches etes the fmale,"

and where—

—"Riche men of this werd etes

That pouer wit thair trauail getes,

For wit pouer men fares the king

Riht als the quale fares wit the elringe."

The wrongs which the weak suffer at the hands of the powerful are compared to a storm of the sea, in which Christ is in the ship asleep. The prayers of the sufferers asking assistance awaken Christ, who grants

all their reasonable wishes. The salt water of the sea betokens the desire of riches; for, as salt water, when drunk, causes increased thirst, so the richer a man becomes the greater desire he has for wealth. As water drowns the body, so wealth drowns the soul in a spiritual sense, and after it is drowned it becomes the prey of "wattri wormes." This is exemplified by the following tale of a Ufurer :—

A great city on the Continent was under the spiritual care of a holy bishop called Piers. A knight lived in his neighbourhood who had gained great wealth by usury. Although his desire of wealth was great, the knight had still some religious feeling left, and in a penitent state went to the holy bishop to get absolution for his sins. The bishop asked him if he were willing to do the penance he was prepared to lay on him. On his answering affirmatively, the bishop, to his surprise, instead of a severe penance, only required of him to grant the request of a beggar whom he should meet on his return homewards.

The knight subsequently encountered a beggar, who saluted him and solicited his charity. The knight asked him the extent of his demand, when the beggar ventured to specify a quarter of wheat. This request was agreed to by the knight, who ordered his servants to measure out the grain from his stores. The poor beggar, however, had no bag or vessel in which he might put this unexpected quantity of grain, and requested the knight to give him some means of carrying away the wheat apparently so munificently offered to him. The knight, whose ufurious feelings suddenly returned, proposed to the beggar to leave the grain, and in place of it take the sum of five shillings. The beggar, having no other resource, agreed to this proposal, took the money, and went his way, while the knight ordered his servants to put the grain back into a chest.

Three days afterwards the knight opened this chest, when, to his surprise, instead of grain—

"Snakes and nederes thar he fand,
And gret blac tades gangand,

And arkes and other wormes felle
That I can noht on Inglis telle."

These serpents endeavoured to attack the knight, who, in his alarm, rushed to the bishop and told him what had happened. The bishop, on hearing the case, informed the knight that, in order to fulfil the will of God and obtain entrance into heaven, the only way left was to take no account of himself, but to throw himself naked amongst these reptiles. The knight naturally felt some hesitation in complying with this dreadful injunction; but the bishop assured him that his pain would be short, and that although his flesh would be eaten by the serpents, his soul would pass into everlasting happiness. The knight, after requesting the bishop to pray for his soul, did as he was commanded, and threw himself naked amongst the reptiles, which speedily ate him up, leaving nothing but his bones.

These the bishop, with his clergy, came shortly afterwards to demand from the family of the knight, when he was led to the chest, threw the reptiles into the fire, and drew forth the bones of the wretched knight as white as snow. They were afterwards placed in a shrine in an abbey, where they were regarded as holy relics, and many miracles were done by them.

An account of the happy state of the soul of this usurer, thus snatched from the power of Satan by so fearful a penance, concludes the singular homily.

The Homily for the next Sunday in Epiphany is illustrated by the following characteristic "narration," to which a side-note in the Cambridge MS. G g V. 31, supplies the following title:—

"How the Deuill became a Physition to tempt the Monks."

A hermit of great sanctity is represented as sitting at the entrance of his cell, when he observes a fiend approach in the disguise of a doctor, carrying a number of boxes and bottles of medicine, on his back—

“ And boystes on himsel he bare
And ampolies als leche ware.”

The hermit penetrating this disguise of Satan, accosts him, and asks whither he is going. The fiend informs him that he is on his way to an abbey in the neighbourhood, as too long time had elapsed since he had last paid a visit to the monks. The hermit then asks what he means to do with his boxes and medicine bottles, when the fiend informs him that his design is to administer as medicine, drugs which should cause the recipients to think of sin. First of all he proposes to try them with gluttony, next with envy, pride, hatred, and so on. The hermit requests the fiend to call on his return and report his progress, and then allows him to go on his way. He then prays to God to counteract Satan's plans. The fiend makes but little progress in his designs against the monks, and on his return informs the hermit that he had “sped ful ille,” that he had made no new converts, and that of all the monks only one, called Teocist, acted in accordance with his commands.

This information is not lost upon the hermit. He immediately sets out for the abbey, and inquires for Teocist, of the monks who run to greet him on his arrival. He is conducted to Teocist's cell, and, after mutual salutations, asks him whether he is ever troubled with unholy thoughts. Teocist replies in the negative, as he is unwilling to let the truth be known. The hermit affects to believe him, and adds that although he himself was an old man, he felt great difficulty in keeping himself from improper desires, and expresses his wonder that a brother so young as Teocist should be wholly free from the irregular inclinations incident to youth.

Teocist, thrown off his guard by this apparently ingenuous confession of the hermit, now admits that he had sometimes yielded to the temptations of the fiend. The hermit having thus ascertained the truth, exhorts his weak brother, and impresses upon him the necessity of firm resistance to the temptations of Satan. Having thus accomplished the

object of his visit, the hermit returns to his dwelling in the wilderness, and soon after observes the fiend again on his way to the abbey. He watches for his return, and then ironically asks what success had attended his second visit. The fiend answers in great wrath, and laments the time he has lost in his visits, for in no way can he get the better of any of the monks—

“ For likes nan of tham my play
Bot alle thar kache me away.”

And he now finds even Teocist withdrawn from his influence, and turned into his strongest opponent. The tale ends by the hermit praising God for defeating the designs of the fiend, who is so much chagrined at his want of success that he vows never to repeat his visits to so holy an establishment.

The Homilies, from the Purification, where this volume ends, to the twenty-third or twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, the usual limit of the MSS., are also illustrated by several interesting tales; and it is to be hoped that the remaining portion of this ancient Collection of sermons may at some future period be published from the English Manuscripts.

In conclusion, the Editor of the present volume has to express his obligations to the following gentlemen, who have afforded many valuable suggestions and corrections when the sheets were passing through the press:—DAVID LAING, Esq., Librarian to the Society of Writers to the Signet; the Rev. Mr POWER, Librarian to the University of Cambridge; JAMES RICHARDSON, Esq., Advocate; and Mr JAMES GORDON, whose skill in deciphering ancient MSS. has been of the greatest service on the present occasion.

EDINBURGH, 6th March 1862.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EDINBURGH MANUSCRIPT.

This ancient volume was bequeathed to the library of the Royal College of Physicians, in 1741, by Dr John Drummond, one of the Fellows, who filled the President's chair of the College between the years 1722 and 1726. The volume may be described as follows :—

A thin quarto, on vellum of fifty leaves, closely written in double columns, each of about forty-five lines. It contains the fragments of three different books, the handwriting of each being different, but attributable to the later part of the thirteenth, or the early part of the fourteenth century. The first and third parts of the volume contain various poems which are also to be found in the MS. known as the “Curfor Mundi,” copies of which are preserved in the British Museum and other libraries.

These poems may be thus described :—

§ 1. A poem on the “Signa ante Judicium,” or the fifteen signs, which, in the belief of ancient times, were supposed to precede the day of judgment, and which are versified from some treatise ascribed to St Jerome, but not to be found in the printed editions of his works. This poem begins fol. 1 a :—

“Ik vnderstand al in mi thoht,
That es na man sa wis that may
Tel quen sal be the laft day,
Bot he that al havis for to yeme,
Al es in his wil for to deme
That laft day that al sal end,
He gif us lauerd wit him to lend.’

Two versions of these fifteen signs will be found at pp. 25-28 of the present volume, one in English, and another in Latin, both of which,

though shorter, are of the same nature as the one now described. The eleventh sign is so curious, that it is here extracted :—

- x1. "The signes of the dai elleft,
 It nes na fcil that it be left,
 Sar thai fal do for to grife,
 Wind on ik a fid fal rise
 Sa fast gain other fal tai blaw,
 That es na thing that it may schaw
 The erthe fal tai do to rift,
 And up out of the sted to lift.
 The deueles out fal be fordrein,
 Of that erthe that fal be ruin ;
 Ber thair bodis in that air,
 That fiht it fal be ful unfair.
 Than fal the raynbow decend
 In hew of gall it fal be kend,
 And wit the windes it fal mel,
 Drif them down in to the hel,
 And dunt the deueles thider in,
 In thair bal al for to brin,
 And fal taim bidd to hald thaim thar
 Abon erthe to come no mar.
 The term es comen, haf ye fal
 The incom to be in your bal,
 Than fal tai bigin to cri and calle,
 Lauerd fader ! God of all."

This version of the "Signa" ends, fol. 2 b, with the following note
 —"Hic vocantur omnes ad Judicium."

§ 2. A poem on the events which are to happen on the day of judgment, describing the manner in which the bodies of dead creatures shall appear before the Judge of all. It begins fol. 2 b :—

- "Than fal be herd the blast of bem,
 The demfter fal com to dem,
 That al thing of standes awe,
 In quatkin forme I fal you sc[a]we.
 We trow, and al aw for to trow,
 Bot it be Sarezin or Jow,

That efter his refurreccioun,
 The hei dai of th[e] affencioun,
 Com Ihū til his frendes fwete,
 'That fet war to thair met at ette.'

The author then shows that although the body may have been utterly destroyed in this world, it shall appear on the day of the resurrection in a state similar to that in which it existed before death; and in illustration of his statement, he gives the following characteristic "Exemplum," fol. 3 b, col. 2 :—

" A faumpil fal I ſchaw thar bie
 That I fand of Saint Gregorie,
 Thar he was in a ſted ſum quar,
 A crafti clerk, and wis of lar,
 And atkid him an queſtioun,
 Of an wolf, and a liun,
 And of the thrid that was a man,
 Quar of the tal he thus bigan :
 A man welk thoru a wod his wai,
 Thar ner the ſtrete a wolf him lay ;
 This wolfe it was wnmifur of met,
 Al this mannis fles he ete ;
 Alle ſwithe he ſwa hauid don,
 A hungir lion mett he ſon,
 Vp and doun his prai ſecand,
 Quen he na nother beſt ne fand,
 This wolf he felled, and ette him alle,
 Ne left he nather gret ne finalle.
 The lion efter deyed in hii,
 Dede thar gan his caroin lie,
 And thar was rotin al to noht.
 Quar ſal now this man be ſoht,
 For ne mai trow on nankin wis,
 That this man mai to lif up ris,
 Sin nan es, als i wen, that kan
 Tuine that erthe that com of man,
 Fra erthe that is bred of beſt.
 Saint Gregor gaf anſwer honeſt,
 And of that man that was in were,
 The ſothe he ſchawid him al cler,

[Fol. 4 a, col. 1.]

And prouid him wit quik refun,
 That at this refurrecciun,
 Wit al his lims hal and fere,
 Sal com bifor the demefter.
 For thou his bodi war al brint,
 And blawen al the pouder tint,
 Yet mai God gader it al agayn
 And newin it at his wille again.

This poem ends fol. 10 a, col. 2 :—

“ Al that this bok, or heris, or redis,
 Leuedi, thaim help in al thair nedis. Amen.”

§ 3. A poem on the Lamentation of the Virgin—a common subject of early English poetry. It begins fol. 10 a, col. 2 :—

“ Spel yet I wald, spek if I cuthe,
 War ani mirthis in mi muthe,
 For mikel haf to mot;
 Bot that in hertis wo hord es rest,
 Nedwais ut bihouis it brest,
 Of bal to brew fum bot.
 Sco that es bet of all bale,
 Of hir trewlik es al mi tale,
 Hir murning for to minne.
 For that foru tha[t] sco feye,
 Hir swet son on rod dreye,
 All thoru his auen kine.”

This poem ends fol. 14 a, col. 2 :—

“ In Criſtis worſip for to ſuink,
 And euer opon his thraues think,
 That ſua did you to murne.
 Prai that leſdi ben ur lend,
 That we mai find hir ſon frend,
 To tore quen we ſal turne. Amen.”

§ 4. A poem, which is a metrical version of the “*Miraculum de Conceptione Beatæ Mariæ*,” as inserted by Gabriel Gerberon in the Benedictine edition of the works of St Anselm.¹ This legend, the

¹ Opera; studio D. Gabrielis Gerberon, p. 507.

authorship of which is generally attributed to St Anselm, is supposed, from internal evidence, to be spurious, and is contrary to the views of Anselm himself, as enunciated in other passages of his works known to be genuine. This poetical version is, however, a bold and vigorous piece of composition, and possesses some points of historical interest. It describes the embassy of Helis, or Elsinus, an abbot of Ramsey, who is represented as having been sent by William the Conqueror to Denmark, shortly after the battle of Hastings. The object of his mission was to appease Swein, king of Denmark, who had made preparations for a descent upon England to revenge the death of his nephew king Harold.

A version of this poem has been printed by Sir Henry Ellis in his introduction to "*Domesday Book*,"¹ from the Cottonian MS., Vesp. A. III.

The poem begins in the Edinburgh MS. fol. 14 a, col. 2, and ends fol. 15 b, col. 2 :—

"Liftnis mi god men wit yor lef,
 Wel lathe me war you for to gref,
 That you mi talking thoht to toh,
 For me think nemar enoh,
 That I mai of hir louing red,
 That bet us al ut of ur ned.
 Al mi lif unto min end,
 Thoh I moht in hir louing spend,
 Al that I cuthe, or think, or fai,
 It war noht half an our of dai,
 And this tar na man nik wit nai,
 Sa' brad of hir blis es the wai,
 Thoh mannis wit be neuer sa' fraite,
 Sco mai wel bring it into nait,
 For thoh mi wit war neuer sa' wild,
 Quen I ma mining of that mild,
 Quat blis sco bred ogain ur bale,
 That I n[e] fal find wiffing of wale,

¹ Vol. i. p. 99.

[Fol. 14 b,
col. 1.]

That gifes me lust of hir to rede,
For he is alped that sco wil spede.
Tald es in this bok biforn,
Hu that scho was getin and born,
Bot mi lauerdinges, if ye bid,
Quat tim and term that it bitid,
That scho was getin, that bird of blis,
I sal mon wit outin mis,
The fest of hir conceptioun,
Thar of ye sal her the resun
Qui that bali kirk and hu,
Bi yer tharof dos feruis nu,
That it did noht in ald dais,
Herkens hu the stori fais.

A king was hiht William Bastard,
That werraid Ingeland ful hard,
Sa stalword man he was of hand,
That wit his force he wan the land ;
Selcuthe kenli cuthe he fihht,
He sloh the king that Harald hiht,
That born was of the Danis blod,
For qui the land he him witstod,
Than bar Willam the sengnorie
Of Ingeland and Normundie.
The King of Danemarche onan,
Herd that Harald king was slan ;
Of witte almaft ut wald he wend,
For luf [to] him that was his frend.
Schippis did he diht him yar,
Intil Ingeland to far,
Apon the Normanz for to fihht,
That wan the land wit outin riht ;
For he suar bi the king of heuin
That Harald slahtir fuld he heuin.
To king William bodword was broht
Of this tithing that him for thoht ;
He schonid far tha[t] wer fuld ris,
And warnist him on mani wis.
He gadert fauders her and tar,
To strenth his castels he[r] and tar,
Als he that conquerur was god,

And for to werrai underftod.
 His confail bad him for to fand
 The king of Danmark wit fand,
 For to fpek about fum pais
 Bituixin him and tha Danais.

[Col. 2.] This ilke tim that ike of fai,
 Was an Abbot in Ramifay,
 The nam of him men cald Elis,
 Selcutheli hend he was and wis,
 And wel a gret refun fchaw he cuthe,
 Wit outen ani mer in muthe.
 This Abbot of this erand ber
 Was c[h]ofin to be meffager,
 Unto Danmark to fare,
 Als man was led wit mikel lar
 Wit trefori his fchip was diht
 Of prefand mani riche gift,
 Of filuir and golde to giftes bede,
 Mar than es mifter for to rede,
 The finge of pes alfwa to bring,
 Tuix William and that other king ;
 And of tha fchippis for to fpir,
 Quen that tai ahtil for to ftir,
 Helis to fchipping he him did ;
 The bir it blew als he wald bid ;
 He paf that fe that was wel brad ;
 His prefand to the king he mad ;
 His prefand was welcum, and he
 Als bringand wont es for to be :
 Til erlis and baruns of that rick
 Than gaf he fer kin giftis rik :
 Tha that he hauid na giftis til,
 Wit fpeche he hauid al thair wil ;
 Sa wel in fpeche than cuthe he fpel,
 That al that oft he did to duel.

Quen his nedis war al done,
 Thai diht him his fchipping fone ;
 Thair fail thai fet up of thair fchippe ;
 Sir Helis and his felaufchippe,
 His giftes gaf he noht in vaine,
 Bot faire prefandis [thai] fent ogaine.

[Fol. 15 a,
col. 1.]

Forthe thai flotin on that flod,
 For al to wil thair bir thaim flod,
 That at the laft moht thai noht fe
 Bot heuin abute thaim and the fe;
 The weder als in fomer fmethe,
 Son bigan be rug and rethe,
 That ilke waw til other it weft,
 And bremli to tha bargis beft.
 The lift it blakind al to niht,
 On ilka fid than flakid thair fiht,
 The fe for rethnes wex al red,
 To rewthe was turnid al thair red.
 The wind ras gainis taim unride,
 The fe thaim failid on ilka fide,
 Thaim blew on mani bremli blaft,
 Quen maft it raf, and cordis braft;
 Strangli ftraite than war thai stad,
 The marineres war felcuthe rad,
 Sua rad ne war thai neuer ar,
 For thaim war neuer in perlir ar,
 Ful wantfum war thai than of red,
 Bot drerili thai dred thair ded.
 Quen thai havid friuen ai quil thai moht,
 Again that storm al was for noht,
 Thai let it wander vp and dun,
 Thair fchip ai redi for to drunn;
 Thai wander waful on that flod,
 Cried and wep als tai war wod,
 Thai fari lokid ai fua forfwonkin,
 Quen fchip fuld quilum be or funkin.
 On Jhefu Crist thai cri and cal,
 And on Mari that helpis al.
 Leuedi, thai fai, that es fa mild,
 Prai for us to thi fuet child,
 Al mon we druen fa, wailewai,
 Leuedi nu help, for wel thu mai.
 Thai wrang thair hend and wep ful far,
 Als men war carkid al wit car;
 Apon thair brestes faft thai beft,
 And al in God thaimfelf bileft.
 But fco that euer is bot of bale,

[Col. 2.]

Til al that hop in hir havis hal,
 Hir focur son to thaim sco sent,
 That in silk murning on hir ment.
 Dun bi that schip an angel liht,
 In felcuthe clething schen of fiht :
 This angel to tha quakand kid,
 And thus to thaim his erand did.
 Helis, he said, lift up thi cher,
 Cum spec ner wit this messager.
 Al tha that in that farcoft ferd
 Ware med quen thai him fau and herd.
 The angel thus he tald his talle,
 Helis, he said, if [thou] wil halle,
 Cum of this schip to land and fer,
 Thu sal nu hiht and vow me her,
 That tu sal don als I the fai,
 Til alle the kirkes that tu mai,
 Quen thu comis intil Ingeland,
 For to do thaim at understand
 For to haluin this ilke dai,
 Wit al the worship that thai mai,
 In hali kirk ringand bi yer,
 Als getin was ur leuedi der.
 For getin bituix man and womman
 Was sco, that wem havid neuer nan ;
 Getin was sco to be born,
 For to lethe al that war forlorn.
 This es the dai that sco was getin,
 Lok neuer mar it be forgetin,
 Qu halus it wit ouden fail,
 Bathe lif and sawel it sal taim wail.
 Do vou, Elis, and hald thi vow,
 It sal te turn til mikel pru.
 To that angel than spak Hellie,
 Sai me figne, he said, quarbie
 Ik and al mi monkes mai,
 And al cristen men halu that dai.
 To know, he said, it war ful ethe,
 The ahtand dai of a monethe
 That man clepis in the yer,
 December in the calender ;

[Fol. 15 b,
col. 1.]

That es the dai that Ik of men,
 Quen getin was that Leued schen.
 Sai me, fäid Helis, quatkin wis
 Of hir that we fäl mak feruis,
 Sin thar es proper nan I know.
 Gladli, fir, I fäl you fchaw ;
 The feruis of her birthe thu tak,
 Thar of thu fäl thi feruis mak .
 Of a word that thar in es red
 To fette another word in fted ,
 Ai quar ye fäi Natiuite,
 This word Conception fäi ye ;
 For change thar es nan mar
 Of al the feruis that es tar.

Of this borword blithe was Helli,
 And thankid Crift and ur Leuedi ;
 Gladlik he hiht, and wit god wille
 That comandment al for to fille.
 Quen the abbot hauid his vow mad.
 Out of thar fiht the angel glad ;
 Als fuithe na langer duell,
 The lem gan liht, the storm it fell
 Ful fair it com that fe to fiht ;
 And thai bigan thair takil diht.
 Thair wil to wind fair thai fand,
 Til thai com intil Ingeland ;
 Wit al thair farnet and thair fer,
 Thai com to land bathe hale and fer.

Helis bigan this comandment
 Son for to fchaw til his couent.
 Al this chance that him bitid,
 Al comunlik he it undid,
 To worfip hir conception,
 That of ur pliht us gat pardon.
 This feft fra than the folk forthe held,
 Thar of ilkan til other teld.
 This ilke abbot at Ramfai,
 Afetnes fet in his abbai,
 Thar in this feruis for to fand,
 Ai quilis that abbai be laftand ;
 And fua man dos in ftedis fel,

Sa ah al do that es hir lel,
 This ffori thar wit for to fai,
 Euer quen wil hald this dai.
 Mai na man feruin hir in lede,
 [Col. 2.] That sco ne than yeldis thaim thair med :
 Sco don us her to ferue hir sua,
 That we be wit hir euer and a.
 Amen."

§ 5. The metrical fermons now printed, extending from fol. 16 to fol. 36, form the second part of the volume.

§ 6. Various metrical fragments of narrations of events in the lives of the Apostles, and the Virgin Mary, distinguished by many philological peculiarities, form the third and concluding part of the MS.

They begin on fol. 37 a, col. 1 :—

" In heuin on heie than fale I scawe,
 And signis dune on erthe lawe ;
 He tald thaim mani takins fere,
 That es na nede alle rekin here.
 Mi brethir, he faide, ful wel mai I
 Of the prophete giu telle Dauí,
 He wiste that Gode til him hauid suorn,
 That ane fuld of his fede be borne,
 To site in setlis that was his ;
 Bot he that saȝ on ferrum this,
 Of his uprise he faide, in helle
 Na fuld noȝt Crift be leste to duel,
 Na neuer of rote his fleis haue figte ;
 Bot raífid es he with strenth of drigte ;
 Fra dede to liue nu rifin es he,
 And thar of witnes al ar we."

The following lines occur at fol. 43 b, col. 2, which are particularly valuable, as showing that the language of the North of England was, at the time when they were written, almost unintelligible to the inhabitants of the Southern part of the kingdom :—

" Womman fal perile of na barne,
 Na nan wit mistim he for farne,

Na fal unto na dedlie pligte,
 That tai it here outhar day or nigte;
 And mare thar of I fai ye giete,
 Qu hertlic heris or redis itte,
 Of ure Leuedi and Saint Johan
 Thair benicun thaim bes nogte wan;
 And Saint Edmund of Puntenei,
 Daiis of perdun thaim giuis xx^{ti};
 In a writte this ilke I fandē,
 Him selue it wrogte Ic underfande:
 In other Inglis was it drawin,
 And turnid Ic haue it til ur awin
 Language of the Northin lede,
 That can na nother Inglis rede."

The MS. ends abruptly, fol. 50 b, col. 2 :—

" Bote we finde in Daniel
 Fourti daiis he fal taim grate,
 That fallin arne oute of thair . . .
 Thurg foluinge of that fals prophete
 That thai mai thaim penance . . .
 Quen that penance til ende es . . .





Prologus.

EADER and fun and haligast,
That anfald God es ay ftedfast,
Worthi driht in trinite,
A God a miht in perfons iii,
With outen end and biginning,
Rihtwis Lauerd and mihti king,
That mad of riht noht alle thing,
And geres the erthe froit forth bring,
Wit outen the nan froit mai fpring,
For al es loken in thi welding.
Thou ert Lauerd that worthi drihte,
That al ophaldes wiht thi mihte,
Thou that al craftes kanne,
Of erth and lam thou made manne,
And gaf him gajt of fchilwifnes
That thou mad efter thi liknes,

Prologus.

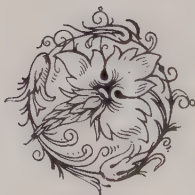
Thou filde this gaste fa full of witte,
Sa quaynt and crafti mad thou itte,
That al bestes er red for man,
Sa mani wyle and wrenk he can.
Forthi fuld man in thi seruiss
Despend his witte and his quaintis,
For thu gaf man skil and infiht,
And heuenis blis thou hauis him hiht,
To kouenand that he serue the riht,
And fe and knau thi mikel miht,
On the bird be his mast thouht,
That ses quat thou for him has wroht,
And fra quat bale thou him broht,
Quen thou fra helle on rode him boht.
An unkind man es he,
That turnes alle his thoht fra the,
And wel bird ever ilk man,
Lof God after that he kan,
Lered men wit rihtwis lare,
And laued folk wit rihtwis fare,
Prestes wit matines and wit messe,
And laued men wiht rihtwisnes,
Clerk wit lar of Godes worde,
For he haues in him Godes horde
Of wisdom and of gastlic lare,
That he ne an noht for to spare,

Bot fcheu it forthe til laued menne,
And thaim the wai til heuin kenne.
For [all than] fal we yeld acount,
Quat that wifdom mai amount,
That God hauis giuen us for to fpend,
In god oys til our liues end.
Forthi fuld ilke precheour fchau,
The god that Godd hauis gert him knau,
For qua fa hides Godes gift,
God mai chalange him of thift.
In al thing es he nouht lele,
That Godes gift fra man wil fele,
Forthi the litel that I kanne,
Wil I fchau til ilke manne,
Yf I kan mar god than he,
For than lif Ic in charite,
For Godes wifdom that es kid,
And na thing worthe quen it is hid,
Forthi wil I of my pouert,
Schau fum thing that Ik haf in hert,
On Ingelis tong that alle may
Underftand quat I wil fay,
For laued men hauis mar mifter,
Godes word for to her,
Than klerkes that thair mirour lokes,
And fees hou thai fal lif on bokes,

And bathe klerk and laued man,
Englis understand kan,
That was born in Ingeland,
And lang haues ben thar in wonand,
Bot al men can noht, I wis,
Understand Latin and Frankis,
Forthi me think almous it isse,
To wirke sum god thing on Inglisse,
That mai ken lered and laued bathe,
Hou thai mai yem thaim fra schathe,
And stithe stand igain the fend,
And til the blis of heuen wend,
Mi speche haf I mint to drawe,
Of Cristes dedes and his sau,
On him mai I best found mi werke,
And of his dedes tac mi merke,
That maked al this werd of noht,
And der mankind on rode boht,
The faur godspellers us schawes,
Cristes dedes and his fawes,
Al faur a talle thay telle,
Bot feer faues er in thair spelle,
And of thair spel in kirk at messe,
Er lezouns red bathe mar and lesse,
For at euer ilke messe we rede
Of Cristes wordes and his dede,

Forthi tha godspells that always
Er red in kirc on fundays,
Opon Inglis wil Ic undo,
Yef God wil gif me grace tharto,
For namlic on the funnenday,
Comes lawed men thair bede to fay
To the kirc, an for to lere
Gastlic lare that thar thai here,
For als gret mifter haf thay,
To wit quat the godspel wil fay
Als lered men, for bathe er bouht
Wit Cristes blod, and sal be broht
Til heuenis blis ful menskelie,
Yef thai les her rihtwislie,
For wil Ic on Inglis schau,
And ger our laued brether knawe,
Quat alle tha godspelles faies,
That falles tille the funnendayes,
That thai mai her and hald in hert
Thinge that thaim til God mai ert,
And forthi at our biginninge,
Pray we God of heuin kinge,
That he help us for to bringe
This ilk werk to god endinge,
And gif me grace sua make
This werk for laued mannes sake,

That I mai haf for my mede,
Heuenrik blis quen I am dede,
And our werk be worfchipe
To God, and to the fend fcondfchipe
And joy til halwe and till angel,
And creften folk til fauel hel,
That it be fua fays inwardlye,
Pater nofter Ave Marie . Pat. ^{nr.} et cet.





Explicit Prologus . Incipit ratio quare presens opus incipiat dominicam primam Adventus Domini.



R the fulthe of tim was comen,
Satenas al folk aued nomen,
For mankind in prisoun he held,
Wiht outen help wit outen belde,
Ai til God in trinite
Of mankind hafd fa gret pite,
That he fend his son for to take
Fleys and blod for mannes sake,
For wit outen fleis and blode,
Moht Crist noht by apou the rode
Mankind, that in fleis and felle,
Was demed to the pin of helle,
Forthi hafd God of man mercye,
That was bigiled thoru envie
Of Satenas that wiht lesinge
Gabbid Adam and his offpringe,

And gert mankind ga tille helle,
Thar he fuld euer mar duelle,
Yef it ne hauid ben Godd almihti,
That fend his son thoru his merci,
To yeld for mankind raunceoun,
And leffe us al of prifoun,
Goddess fun and Goddess fande,
Com to les mankind of bande,
And was born of mayden Marye,
Mankind on rode for to bie,
And forthi Crist com us to,
Our aller nedes for to do,
A monethe bifer his birthe,
Hali kirk wit menske and mirht,
Welcomes him euer ilke a yer,
And thanks God on fair maner,
For Cristes com and Goddess fande,
That lesed us of the fendes bande,
And forthi at that bliffful tyme,
Quen hali kirk welcumes hime,
Wil I bigin to mak my spelle,
And of his com sum thing telle,
For Cristes to com mad endinge,
Of al our foru and our murning.

**Explicit istud precedens Argumentum . Incipit Euange-
lium ejusdem Dominice secundum Marcum.**

Incipium Euangelii Ihesu Cristi filii Dei, sicut scriptum est
in Psaya Propheta. Ecce mitto angelum meum ante faciem
tuam qui preparabit viam tuam ante te . Vox clamantis in
deserto parate viam Domini, rectas semitas facite ejus. Fuit
Johannes in deserto . et cetera.

Sayn Mark byginnes his godspel
Wit wordes that I wil you tel,
And tas witnes of Yfaye,
That spekes of Crist in prophecie.
This Yfaye than spekes ful euen,
In the fader nam of heuin,
Til Crist of sayn Johan the Baptiste,
That bodword broht of him that Crist ;
I send, he says, my messager
Bifor thi face thi word to ber,
That sal graithe bifor the the way,
Wit word that he of the wil say.
Thir wordes says God almihty,
Thoru the prophet Malachye,
And als than spekis Yfaie,
Of sayn Jon ful openlye,

Thai scheu bathe an wit fere letter,
Forthi bers us trow thaim the better.
Thai tald how fayn Jon the Baptist
Suld graithe the gates bifor Criste,
For fayn Jon was in wildernes,
And baptized folk in forgifnes
Of sin, and kend thaim the way
Tilward that blis that lastes ay,
For mikel folk of a contre
That our godspelles kalles Jude,
And of Jerufalemes cite,
Com of fain Jon baptized to be,
Thai schraf thaim of thair fines clen,
And fayn Jon baptized thaim biden.
In strang penance his lif he ledde,
Wit camel hare was he cledde,
Wod hony and froit he ete,
And taht the folk thair fine to bete,
And faid a stither gom than I,
Efter me fal com in hy,
That es fa menfcul and mihty,
That I me self es noht worthi
To les the thuanges of his schon,
Sa mikel god thoru him bes don ;
For I in water baptiz you,
Bot apon him aw ye to trow,

For he fal wit the haligaste
Baptiz you and your finnes waste.
This es the strenthe of our godspel,
That man wit Englis tung mai telle.
 In this godspel als think me,
 Tua thinges mai we gastli fe.
 The first es worship and louing
 Of Jhesu Cristes to coming,
 For it falles to a mihty king,
 That messager word of him bring.
 Ar he com til his biging,
 Als fain Jon broht of Crist tithing;
Of quaim Ysay the prophet
Bers witnes wit wordes fuet,
And fain Mark fettes his witnes,
In our godspel als wel worthe es.
The tother thinge that we may fe,
In our godspel als think me,
Than es the gret derworthines
Of precheours that bers witnes
Of his to com and mas it couthe,
Wit word that comes of thair mouthe,
For thai er Cristes messagers,
Til al that thair fermoun heres.
Thay telle the folk on quat maner,
That mankind was to Godd fa der,

That he fend his son us to,
Our aller nedes for to do.
That was our Lauerd Crist Jefus,
That was fend to dey for us,
Forthi bird we in his cuming,
Welcum him als worthi king,
For in hali bok find we,
Of Cristes to cuminge [poyntys] thre.
The first was quen he com to tak
Fleis and blod for mannes sak,
He lyhted doun ful mekeli
Into the maiden wamb of Mary,
And schop him bodi of hir fleyse,
And dubbed him wit our liknes,
And welk in werld als sinful man,
Bot finles was he al an ;
Wit our licnes bigiled he
The fend that his manhed moht se,
But pride made the fend fa blind,
That his godhed moht he noht find.
He wend that Crist war noht bot man,
And thoru his godhed was he tan.
Cristes godhed the fend tok,
Als fisce es tan wit bait and hoc ;
For his godhed in fleis was felid
Als hok in bait, quare thoru he telid

The fend, that telid our fadir Adam,
And broht mankind in mikel blam ;
Hauid Satenas wift witerlye
That Criste hauid ben Godd almihtye,
For al this werld hauid he noht gert,
The Jowes sting him to the hert,
Bot for he sau him noht bot man,
Godhed in him wend he war nan,
Forthi he fanded ithenlye,
To harl him in til his balye,
He wend wel wit him to fare,
Als he hauid don with other are,
For quen Crist fuelt apon the tre,
His sawel gern spied he,
Yef he moht se or find thar inne,
Any filth or spotte of finne,
And for he fand thar in riht nan,
Als fisce wit hok was he tan.
The fendes miht that was ful stithe,
That he was won bifer to kithe,
Was alle taken in Cristes hand,
That him in hel sa harde band,
That neuer mar fal he wend
Out of hel, bot ay thar lend,
And Crist reft him than mani man,
That he fra Crist bifer had tan.

For son, quen Crist on rod was flain,
He herid hel als mihti thain,
And broht thaim al that war his,
Mihtfullik in till his blis,
His godhed and his fauel samen,
Broht thaim al fra pin to gamen,
Thus com ur Lauerd Crist us to
To bring us al fra, til rest and ro;
Forthi beres man that ese mad hale,
And blisfully bette of his bale,
Welcom Crist that com to bring
Us til his blis als mihti king.

Nou se ye qui and for quas fake,
Crist com til us our kind to take.

His first com was bodilye,
Bot an other est gastilye,
That es quen Crist gifes us wille,
His comandmenz to fulfille,
For son, quen we haf wil to do
Al that the precheour says us to,
And feles our hert in charite,
For sothe ful fiker mai we be,
That Crist es comen in til our hertes
Gastli that us til godnes ertes,
Of us self haf we noht bot fin,
Bot quen Crist wirkes us wit in,

Than at the first biginne we,
God creften men for to be,
That mai ye fe aperteli,
Wit mani enfampel witerly,
Namly bi Mari Maudelayn,
That lang hauid in fin lain,
Quen Crist com gastly til hir hert,
Ris of her sinne son he hir gert,
For son, quen scho hauid hir tanne
To Crist, scho wex a god womman,
Of hir wil Ik aperteli telle,
Yef ye will list and lithe mi spel.

Nota
Relatio.

Werldes welthe gert Marie wede,
Quil scho was yong in hir fairhede.
Scho gaf hir hert til sinful play,
And keft hir maidenhed away.
For rissi gers werldes win
Thir fair wimmen fal in fin,
Scho lived hir lif in licherye,
Ai til Crist haued of hir mercie,
He com til her gastlye,
And gert hir leue al hir folie,
Scho umthot hir quat scho hauid tint,
And igain fin gan scho stint,
Hir rewed of hir self ful fare,
And hauid for hir sin sliik kare

That nan that hers spek of Marie,
Thar haf wanhop of Godes mercie,
For do man neuer fa mikel fin,
And he wil his fin blin,
Godd of heuin es ai redi,
For to haf of him mercie,
That was fen in the Maudelayn,
That bird mak sinful man ful fain.
Sain Louk the god godspeller,
Telles us on quat maner,
That this ilk sinful Marye,
Gat forgifnes and mercie.
He fais that in that ilk toun,
Woned a man that hiht Symoun,
Thar Mary woned that tim that scho
Hafd will penanz for to do,
This ilk Simonde was a mesel,
Bot Crist hafd gifen him his hel,
He hafd inoh quar of to lif,
And almous to the pouer to gif.
Fell auntour that he prayd Crist
To eet wit him at his biwift,
And Crist that seknes fra him kest,
Com and eet wit him als gest,
And son, quen Mari herd telle,
That Crist fuld to the meet thar duelle,

Scho com thar Crist him seluen sette,
And sua far than gun scho grede,
That wit teres scho wes his fete,
That scho of hir eyen lete,
Scho wiped his feet wit her hare,
And kiffed thaim wit fuetli suare,
And blotned thaim wit smersles fuete,
That al feled fuetnes that thar fete,
Scho hauid boht this ointment,
To smer hir auen bodi gent,
To mak fuet smelland hir bodye,
Quil scho haunted hir folye.

 This Symond, of quaym I spak are,
 Biheld this womman lusli fare,
And thoht that yef Crist war prophet,
Him bird wit qua handeles his fet,
Als qua fay, him bird wit that scho
War noht worthi this dede to do,
For sin mas hir unworthi,
To nehe him that sud be hali.
And als Symond thoht this,
Crist wist quat he [thoht] I wis,
And faid, Symond tak yem to me,
Ik haf sum thing to spek wit the,
Simond anfuered and faid him tille,
Sai on maister, quat es thi wille.

And Crist sette him enfampel than,
And faid it was a riche man,
This riche man hauid dettours fele,
And sum war fals and sum war lele,
A man haht him fifty penis,
Another an honderet or the prise,
And nauther hauid penis for to yeld,
And he kid [thaim] curtayfi and beld,
And forgaf thaim thair dette bathe,
Wit ouden ftez wit ouden fchathe,
Quether of thir tua lufd him mar,
And Symond anfuerd Crist ful yar,
And faid, he quaym he mar forgafe,
Wit riht mar lufe fudd til him hafe ;
And Crist faid, you hauid demid riht,
For thus fars dette of finful pliht ;
I com hider in als uncouthen man,
Water to min fet bedd thou nan,
And this womman hauis wafced mi fet,
Wit falt teres that fcho gret,
And her heuid hauis fcho mad al bare,
And wiped min fet wit hir hare ;
You kiffed me noht fin I com ine,
To kis min fet can fcho noht blin ;
Forthi es hir forgiuen hir fin,
For mikel luf that fcho kidd her in,

The les that man luues me,
The les fin mai him forgiuen be,
Bot for hir luf es til me lele,
I forgif hir finnes ful fele,
Ga, he said, womman in pes,
For al thi finnes forgiuen es.
This tal haf I tald you,
To scheu on quat maner and hou,
That quen Crist cumes intil our hertes,
To les our fin he us ertes,
And geres us ask him forgiuenes,
Of al our finnes mar and les.

His first to com was bodili

Quen he was born of our Lefdi,
For than he com in fles and bane
For to hel sinful man ;
His other com es gastlye,
Til our hert, quen we les folye,
For of us self haf we bot fin,
Of him comes al our welth and win,
For quen he cumes gastlic us to,
Than haf we wil us god to do.

Nou haf ye herd twifald to com,

The thred sal be on day of dom,
Quen we sal ris thoru blast of bem
And Crist sal cum al folc to dem.

Tu goti men si be be quon,
 And so sin wi si goli sin,
 Iust sin si be so si dem,
 That so sin si be si sin dem,
 O si so sin si I sin sin,
 For Christ sin sin sin sin,
 He si sin sin, and so sin sin,
 In our gospel so sin sin,
 And sin si so sin sin sin,
 That sin so si so sin sin,
 Christ si sin so sin so sin,
 For sin sin sin sin sin,
 Forthi so I we si sin,
 That so so si so sin sin sin,
 And bring in si sin sin sin,
 That si sin sin sin sin sin,
 Amen sin we si sin sin,
 That so so sin sin sin sin.

Amens



Dominica ii. Adventus Domini secundum Lucam.

Dixit Ihesus discipulis suis, Erunt signa in sole, et luna, et stellis, et in terris, pressura gentium pre confusione sonitus maris et fluctuum. Arescentibus hominibus pre timore et expectatione que superuenient uniuerso orbi . et cetera.

TODAY fain Louk telles us
In our godspel, that Iesus
Spac of thing that es to com,
And namelic of the dai of dom.
Takning he faid sal be don
Bathe in the son, and in the mon,
And in the sternes al biden,
And folc sal thol wandreth and ten,
For folc sal duin for din of fe,
And for baret that than sal be,
Ouer al this werd bes rednes,
Wandreth, and uglines,
For mihti gastes of the heuin
Sal be afrayed of that steuin,

Than fal Crist cum that men may se
In maistri and in gret pouste.
Quen this bigines for to be,
Lokes up and ye may fe
That your biing and your pris
Ful ner cumen tilward you es.
Him felf our biing he calde,
For he boht us quen he was falde.
Quen Crist hauid said this grimli fau,
An enfampel gan he schau,
And said, quen ye se lefes spring,
And thir tres froit forthe bring,
Than wat we wel that somer es ner.
Als may ye wit on that maner,
Quen ye se thir takeninges in land,
That Crist es ful ner cumand.
For heuin and erthe fal pas thar,
Bot my word passës neuer mar ;
Als qua fai, thing that I you telle,
Ne mai na miht fordo ne felle,
Quen this werld that I mad of noht
Sal be gane and til end broht,
Than fal mi word be sothe fast,
For mi kinric fal euer laft.
This es the strenthe of our godspel,
Als man wit Inglis tung may tel.

The maister on this godspel preches,
And fais that Crist thar in us teches
For to forsak this werdes winne,
Ful of wrechedhed and sinne,
For Crist fais us hou it fal end,
And warnes us ful fair als frend,
He telles us takeninges snelle
Thar he biginnes his godspelle,
And fais kinric fal rohly rise
Igain kinric, and ger men grise,
For bale fal ger thir bernes blede,
And mak in land hunger and nede.
This bale fal bald baret breu,
And fel mikel of this werdes gleu.
Slic wordes said Crist of thir wers
That folc in werd ful derf deres,
For quatkin wer fal fal in land,
Til pouer folk es it fareft schouand,
That felis wel nou hali kirk
That bers of baret be ful irk ;
For it and pouer men havis bathe
Of wer and wandreht al the schathe,
This baret pinnes pouer pride
Als thai wel wat that walkes wide,
Bot werdes haht and hey tures
Getes thir cite men fra stures,

Forthi riche men hauis ay, I wis,
Inohe of met and drinc and blis,
Bot pouer tholes the baret,
That hauis defaut of clathe and met,
And forthi warnes Jesus bathe
Riche and pouer of thair schathe,
Thar he schaues in our godspelle
Takeninges that bird our pride felle.
He fais takeninges fal be don
Bathe in the sone and in the mon,
The sun fal turn intil mirknes,
Als fais Joel, that bers witnes
Of Crist that thir takeninges us schaues
In our godspelle wit grilli sawes :
For mon, he fais, fal turned be
In til blod, that folk fal se,
Quen sun and mon fal thusgat turn,
Than fal the sinful far scurn,
For than may thai wit witerly,
That Crist fal com to dem in hi,
Bot god men fal na thing dred,
For than fal thai be feker of med
In that blisful land that thay
Sal euer lif in gamen and play ;
And Crist in our godspel forthy
Confortes us ful mildeli,

And bides us lok til grouand tres
For quen men leues on thaim fees,
Men wat that ful ner es fomer comand,
And riht sua mai we understand
Quen we fe thir takenis cume,
That nerhand es the dai of dom.

Bot for Crift spekes of takinge
That tithand of this dom fal bringe,
Forthi es god that I you telle
Sum thing of thir takinges snelle :
Sain Jerom telles that fifteen
Ferli takinges fal be fen
Bifor the day of dom, and fal
Ilkan of thaim on fer dai fal.
The first dai fal al the fe
Boln and ris and heyer be
Than ani fel of al the land,
And als a felle up fal it stand,
The heynt thar of fal passe the felles
Bi sexti fot, als Jerom telles,
And als mikel the tother day
Sal it fattel and wit away,
And be lauer than it nou esse,
For water fal it haf wel leffe.
The thride dai merfuine and qualle
And other gret fises alle

Sal yel, and mak fa reuful ber
That foru fal it be to her.
The ferthe day freis water and fe
Sal bren als fir and glouand be.
The fift day fal grefes and tres
Suet blodi deu that grisli bes.
The sexte day fal doun falle
Werdes werks bathe tours and halle.
The feugend day fal ftanes gret
Togider fmit and bremlly bete.
And al the erthe the achtande day
Sal ftir and quac and al folc flay.
The neynd day the fels alle
Be mad al euin wit erthe falle.
The tend day fal folc up crep,
Als wod men of pittes dep.
The elleft day fal banes rife
And ftand on graues thar men nou lies.
The tuelft day fal fternes falle.
The thretend day fal quek men dey alle,
Wit other ded men to rife,
And com wit thaim to gret afife.
The faurtend day at a fchift
Sal bathe brin bathe erthe and lift.
The fifetende day thai bathe
Sal be mad newe and fair ful rathe,

And al ded men fal rife,
And cum bifor Crift our iuftife.

Unde Versus de ejusdem Signis.

Signis ter quinis se prodet ad ultima finis
Mundani motus Domino foli modo notus.
In signo primo furget mare ftans quasi murus
Erigat in proprios post pauca finus rediturus,
Atque quater denis cubitis transcendere montes
Cernetur, paucique fluent in flumina fontes.
Oculet in signo sic se maris unda fecundo,
Ut vix aspectum capiat : diuerfa profundo
Monstra super fluctus post hec ubi nata patebunt,
Rugitusque sui celos horrore mouebunt.
Quarto cum fluuiis ardebunt equoris unde,
Fontibus ut latices effundant non erit unde.
Rorem sanguineum quinto deducet ab [herbis]
Horror et arboribus lacrimis perfusus acerbis.
Hinc turres et tecta cadent, que diruet edes
Sexta dies, omnis que solo ruet ardua fedes.
Augebit lapidum conflictus in orbe timorem,
Terribilemque dabit collisio seu fragorem.
Concuciet terram post hec motus generalis,
Omnia conturbans, horrendus, et exitialis.
Omnibus equatis in plano terra jacebit,
Strata superficies nichil asperitatis habebit.

Hinc velud amentes exhibunt ante latentes
 In latebris homines et fari nulla ualentes.
 Sicca super tumbis post hec furgencia stabunt.
 Casus stellarum signans discrimine finem
 Nesciet ulterius clarum deducere finem.
 Corpore uiuentes simul absque mora morientur,
 Ut pariter clangente tuba cuncti repetentur.
 Optimus inde status celum terramque nouabit,
 Luce sub eterna, quem nulla dies uariabit,
 Conuocet ut cunctos cum buccina protinus urgens
 Iudicis ante pedes ueniet plebs tota refurgens.

**Isti Versus omittantur a lectore quando legit
 Anglicum coram laicis.**

Than sal Crist dem als king ful wis,
 And ger the finful fare grife,
 Sa grisli sal he to thaim be,
 That thaim war leuer that thai moht fle
 Fra that dom that he sal dem
 Than al this werd, fa bes he brem
 Tille thaim that finful cumes thar,
 And forthi sal thai gret far,
 And fay allas that we war born,
 Schamlic haf we us self forlorn.
 Than falle thair wike dedes alle,
 Stand and igaines thaim kalle,
 And with thair taking ber witnes

Of thair fin and thair wiknes.
Of mikel foru fal thai telle,
For Satenas wit feres felle,
To bind thaim he fal be ful fnelle,
And bremli draw thaim till helle,
Thar thai fal euermare duelle,
And wafullic in pines welle,
And endeles of foru telle.

 This bes thair dom that her in fin
 Ligges, and wil thair fin noht blin,
Bot wald thai think on domes dai
Thaim bird lef thair plihtful play.
Allas allas quat fal thai fay
Bifor him that miht ful may,
Quen al the men that was and esse
Sal fe thair fines mare and lesse,
And al the angeles of the heuin,
And ma fendes than man mai nesen.
Igain fawe may thar nan be,
Of thing that alle men may fe.
Of this openlic schauing
Hauis Godd schawed many taking,
Of a taking that I haf herd telle,
That falles wel til our godspelle.

Narratio.

 A blak munk of an abbaye
 Was enfermer of all I herd fay,

He was halden an hali man
Imange his felaus euerilkan,
An cloyster monk loued him ful wel,
And was til him ful speciel,
For riuelic togider drawes
Faithe lufreden god felawes.
Fel auntour that this enfermer
Was sek, and he that was til him der
Com to mak him glad and blithe,
And his lufredene til him to kithe,
He asked him hou he him felid,
And he his stat alle til him telld,
And said ful hard fel I me,
To dede I drawe als ye mai se.
His felau was for him fary,
And praied him ful gern forthie,
That yef Godd did of him his wille,
That he fuld scheu his stat him tille.
This seke monk hiht to com him to,
Yef he moht get lef thar to :
I fal, he said, yef I may,
Com to the my stat to say.
Quen this was sayd, he deyed son,
And his felau asked his bon,
And prayed Godd for his mercye,
That he fuld schew him openly,

Other wakand or flepand,
Of his felaw ftate fum tithand,
And als he lay apon a niht,
His felaw com wit lemes liht,
And tald him bathe of heuin and helle,
And he prayed he fuld him telle
His ftate, and he faid wel far I
Thoru the help of our Lefdi,
War fcho ne hafd ben, I hauid gan
To won in helle wit Satan.
His felau thoht herof ferly,
And asked him quarfor and qui,
And fayd, we wend alle wel that thou
Haued ben an hali man til nou :
Hou fal it far of us kaytefes,
That in fin and foli lyes,
Quen thou that led fa hali life,
Was demed tille hell for to drife.
Quen this was faid, the ded anfuerd
And tald his felaw hou he ferd,
And faid fon quen I gaf the gafte,
Till my dom was I led in hafte,
And als I stod my dom to her
Bifor Jefus, wit dreri cher,
Of fendes herd Ic mani upbrayd,
And a boc was bifor me layd,

That was the reul of fain Benet,
That Ic hiht to hald and get.
This reul thai gert me rapli rede,
And als I red, far gan I drede,
For ouerlop moht I mac nan,
Bot of the clausfes euerilkan,
Yald Ic account hou I thaim held,
And my consciens gan me meld,
It schawed thar ful openlye
That I led mi lif wrangwillie,
For in the reul es mani pas,
That than igain me casten was,
Quar thoru almaſt haued I thare
Ben demid til helle for to fare.
Bot for I lufed wel our Lefdye
Quil I lifd, Ic hafd forthie
Ful god help thar thoru hir mercy,
For ſcho biſoht Criſt inwardlie
That I moht in purgatorie
Clens mi fin and mi folye.
Forthi hop I to far ful welle,
For mi foru fal ſon kele ;
Forthi my frend I prai the,
That thou ger felaus prai for me.
Quen this was ſaid, awai he went,
And his felawe ful mikel him ment,

And efter this siht mani a dai
Gert he for his sawell prai.
 This tal haf I tald you,
To schew on quat maner and hou
We fal be demed, and yeld account
Quat our finnes mai amount,
For al fal com to rounge, I wis,
Thar, that her mistakin isse
Bi the lest idel thoht,
For thar forgifnes bes riht noht.
Than fal we bye the fines dere
Of quilke we er noht schriuen here,
Yef we be her of fines schriuen,
Thar hauis Godd us thaim forgiuen,
Forthi birdd us our sin her beten,
Wit schrift of mouthe and wonges wete.
For schrift of mouthe es medecine
That schildes man fra helle pin,
For if we schrif us clen of sinne
Wit penanz, ded we fal haf winne,
And mai be fiker on domes dai,
To wind intil that blifful plai,
Thar Crist fal euer mar be king,
For his merci he thider us bring.

Amen.



Dominica iii. Adventus Domini secundum Matheum.

Cum audisset Johannes in vinculis opera Cristi, mittens duos de discipulis suis, ait illi ; Tu es qui venturus es, an alium expectamus. Et respondens Ihesus, dixit illis : Euntēs renunciāte Johanni quē audistis et uidistis. Ceci uident, claudī ambulant . et cetera.



SAYN Mathew the wangeliste
Sais that sain Jon the Baptiste
Was in prisoun, and herd telle
Of Cristes dedes and his fpelle,
And fend of his decipils twa,
And bad thaim thai fuld ga
To wit at Crist, quither it war he
That fuld cum mannes bote to be,
Or we, he said, an other Crist sal bide,
That fel miht the fendes pride.
Sain Jon decipels yed and said
Thair erand that on thaim was laid,

And quen Crist thair asking herd,
Ful mildely he thaim anfuerd,
And bad thaim tille thair maister schaw
His dedis that thai herd and fawe.
Als qua fai, dedes bers wittenes
Of me, that I sothefast Godd es,
I gif the blind, he said, thair siht,
I ger the halt men ga riht,
I mac unhale men al hale,
And def men I bet of bale,
I rais men fra ded to life,
And pouer men mas me ful rife,
And ful bliced, he said, es he
That es noht sclaunderd in me.
Als qua fai, Jowes hauis eftand nithe
At me for the ferlikes that I kithe,
Forthi er thai sclaundered in me,
Quen thai miht of mi goddhed se,
And forthi bliz Ic him wit graze
That folues noht the Jewes traze.
Slic wordes til thaim spak Crist
That com fra sayn Jon the Baptist,
And quen thai hafd herd Crist fawe,
Hamward til fain Jon gan thai drawe,
And als thai til fain Jon ward yode,
Crist spac tille thaim that bi him stode,

For thai hauid ben fain Jon to fe
In wildernes, for thar woned he,
Bifor that Herodis the feloun
Did fain Jon in his prifoun.
Forthi asked Crift mare and leffe,
Quat thing thai foht in wildernes.
Quat thing, he faid, yed ye
Intil wildernes to fe,
Wend ye of fain Jon for to finde
A red that waives wit the wind.
Als qua fay, he es nan of tha
That waifes for welthe or for wa,
For werdes welthe and wa es winde,
That makis werdes men ful blinde,
For welthe to pride our hert draus,
And wa geres us thol hard traues,
Bitwix thir tua we held als reed,
In wa we murne, in welthe we wede,
Bot fain Jon igain bathe ftode,
For nouthur of thaim chaunged his mod ;
Forthi asked Crift quether man him foht
Als he war man of fliker thoht,
And thus askid Crift quether men yede
To fe a wind waiuande rede,
Quen thai yed fain Jon to fe,
That ftithe ftod als ftalworth tre,

Als qua fai, wen ye that he
Es als tuifald of hert als ye,
Nai, for he es fa stedfaste
That na wind mai him fra me caste.
Slic wordes als I you telle
Sais Crift to dai in our godspelle
Of fain Jon, that stithe stode
Igain fanding of werdes flode,
For he no was noht lic in dede
Til thaim that heldes als the rede.
For mani man mai bifend be
Unto the rede, als thinc me,
That es at fay, thir glotherers
That in thair an hand fir beres,
In the tother water ber thai,
Als lawed men er won to fay.
Thai kindel baret wit bacbiting,
And flokenes it wit thair glothering,
Thai heeld in tuin, als dos the red,
Wit fair speche and wit falshed,
Thai ger thair riche men misdo,
For al thair thing thai spek thaim to;
For quethir fa thai do wel or ille,
Thai hald wit thaim in al thair wille.
Mirthe and med and werdes belde
Gers thaim til falshed helde,

Bot fua did noht fain Jon, I wis,
 That snibbed Herod quen he did miffe,
 And faid it was igain the lawe
 His brother wif fleyslic to knawe.
 He helded noht, bot stithe stod,
 And for sothefawe fched his blod.
 In sted of tal, I wille you telle
 Hou it of his flahter felle.

Nota.

The king Herode wit mikel unriht
 Raeft his brother his wif that hiht
 Herodias, and fain Jon herde
 Wit quatkin fin Herodes ferd,
 And snibbed him of his finne,
 And bad him that he fuld it blinne.
 Quar thoru Herodes als feloun
 Did fain Jon in his prisoun.
 Herodias als wikke womman
 Wald that fain Jon hauid ben flan.
 He mired hir flesly liking,
 Forthi scho wald to ded him bring,
 Bot chesoun till him fand scho nan,
 For Herodes that him hafd tan,
 Sau that he was an hali man,
 And thoht ful lathe to be his ban,
 For of fain Jon stod him awe,
 And finned les for his fawe,

And herd his word wit god wille,
And did mikel that he said him tille.
Herodes mad a fest, and cald
Princes thar to and bernes bald,
And als he wit his gestes feete,
And mad him glad, and drank and eet,
Bifor him com a fair yong lasce,
That Herodias dohter was,
And tumbled fa wel for alle,
That thar was gedered in that halle,
That al war payed of hir play,
And Herodes til hir gan say,
Quat fa thou wil, thou ask me,
For freli fal I graunt the.
He swar his athe that he suld fille
Alle hir asking and hir wille.
Thoh thou he said ask haluen dele
Mi kingerik, I grant it wele.
This mai ran tille hir moder fwithe,
And bad hir that scho fuld hir lithe
Quat the king hir havid bed,
And askid hir moder quat scho red.
Hir moder was fain quen scho this herd,
And sone hir dohter scho anfuerd,
And said, loc that you ask noht
Bot that fain Jones hefd be broht

In a difce fone bifer the,
For this thing wald I gladli fe.
This maiden child ran to the king,
And faid, fir, this es min asking,
Yef thou wil that mi wil be don,
Thou grant me min asking fon,
And gif me in a difce weued
Sain Jon the Baptift heued.
Ful ille payed was the king
Quen he herd this asking,
Him thoht fcham igain to kalle
That he havid hiht bifer thaim alle,
And for he havid fworn his athe,
To wrech that laze thoht him lathe,
Forthi he fend his queller founne
And bad hir wille fuld be don.
His queller did als he him bad,
And mad this maiden child ful glad,
For he broht hir als fcho havid faid,
Sain Jones heuid in a difce laid.

Thus was this mai fain Jones ban,
That was for riht and fothefaw flan,
But thurt him noht haf tint his heued,
Yef he als red wald haf weuid.
Yef he havid noht fnibbed the king,
Bot loued his dedes wit glothering,

Than moht he haf gan quit away,
And lifd in werdes welth and play.
Bot he did wel better than, I wisse,
For nou es he in well mar blisse,
And Herod and Herodias
Er bathe in hel wit Satenas.

Nou haf ye herd hou fain Jon stod
For sothefastnes, and ched his blod.
Forthi in our godspel fais Crist
Til the folc, of fain Jon the Baptist,
Wend ye of fain Jon for to find
A red that waiues wit the wind,
Nay, but swa stedfast es he,
That na thing gers him tuifald be,
For he sal stand in sothefastnes,
And thol ded for rihtwifnes.

An other asking, als auntour felle,
Asked Crist in our godspelle,
Til thaim that stod him about,
And of fain Jon hauid dout,
Quat yed ye, he said, to se
In wildernes, ye tel me,
A man robed in wlank wede,
Als qua fai, nai, ne in fairhede,
For al men wist that knew fain Jon,
That he hauid camel har him upon,

Forthi asked Crist, quethir thai yed
To se fain Jon in wlanke wede,
Als qua fai, es he nan of tha
That er cled in gren and gra.
Crist spac of thaim that gas in gren,
To scheu the folc quat he wald men.
In kinges houses, he said, won thai
That er cled in gren and grai,
Als qua fai, about kinges es
Wel mar pride than in wildernes.

Her mai ye fe that Jhesu Crist

Loues fain Jon the Baptiste.

For he in pouer wed was cled,
And in pouert his lif he led,
And her bi wil Crist us lere,
To forfak proud clething her.
The god clerk fain Gregorie
Schewes us aperteli,
Yef fin no war in wlanke wede,
Haued noht Crist loued fain Jon in lede
For the clething of pouert :
For thoh prid be al in the hert,
Riche clething noht forthi
Schroudes sua man bodi,
That risli geres it man think mar
Of his bodi, that it wel far,

Than he of his fawel dos,
Sua thinc him of his wed gret ros,
Quil he fandis his fleis to fede,
And mac it fayr wit wlanc wede.
His fairnes witout he schawes
To fem better than his felaues.
For elles forze wald he nan mak
Quether his clething war quit or blac,
Bot for he wil be heier calde
Than othere, and for better talde,
Forthi he schroudes his bodi
And lates of pouer men hetheli;
The liking of his wlanc wede
Gers him tin his fawel mede.
Forthi loues Crist in our godspel
Pouer wed [our prid to fell],
And askes ef the folc yed
To se fain Jon in wlanc wede.
Als qua fai, bifen fal ye take
This werdes welthe for to forfak,
For werdes welthe and prid and play
Endes al wit ten and tray.
In our godspel yet askis Crist
Of fain Jon the Baptiste,
For thris the folc askid he,
Quat thing they yed for to se

In wildernes, and at the last
He cald fain Jon prophet sothefast,
And said to thaim, I fai you yet,
Yed ye to bihald the prophet,
Of fain Jon in wilderneffe,
Ya, wit ye wel that mar he esse
Than prophetes war in his tim,
For prophetes spac mikel of him,
Thoru quaim God hit he fuld fend
His angel, mannes lif to mend.
I fend, he said, my messager
Bifor mi face mi word to berre.
This fais the fader of heuin to Crist
Of fain Jon the Baptift,
That bifor Crist graythed the way
Als fais our godspel of today.

Nou haf I graytheli you tald
Hou fain Jon the Baptift es cald
Jesuf Crist messager,
For he was fend his word to ber,
And I to dai fourtenniht tald
Hou fain Jon bodword broht bald.
He was ryt Cristes messager,
For he broht word that he was ner.
And als was he mar than a prophet
Quen he scheued that he bihet.

It falles to prophet for to fai
The thing that efter falle may,
Bot fain Jon faid and fcheued bathe,
For that he hit, he fcheued rathe.
Quen Crist com to flum Jordan
Als other men did mani an,
Of fain Jon to be baptift,
Than faid fain Jon Jefu Crist
Til al that folc wit fwetli fwar
That thar habout him gederid war,
This es that lamb that I you hiht,
That dos away this werdes pliht,
Godes lamb mai ye fe her,
Of him fpac Ic als meffager.

Bot her mai fum man thinc ferly,
Als fais the clerk fain Gregorie,
That fin fain Jon the Baptift
Knew fa wel that Jefu Crist,
Quarfor fend he fithen him tille,
To wit quether he fuld fulfille
Thing that was faid in prophecie
Of him that mankind fuld bie.
Firft fain Jon faid that Crist was he,
That al mankind bot fuld be,
And fithen he fpired quether he war cumen
To felle the fend that man hauid nomen.

Ful schilfuli and wit refoun
Mai men ask this questioun.
The god man sain Gregorie
Undos this word dohtilye,
And fais that sain Jon ful wel wist
That he of quaim he spac was Crist,
That tok kind of maiden Mari,
Bot he no wist noht witerlye,
Quether he fuld mankind bye,
And heri helle als king mihtye,
And forthi send sain Jon him to,
To wit quether he war com to do
Thing that moht bring man fra helle,
Thar him bihoued euer dwelle,
Tille he war comen that haued mihte
To fulfille that the prophetes hauid hiht,
That es at fay, to mak the fin
For fin, and bring thaim of pin
To blis that may haf na ending,
Our Lauerd Jesus thider us bring.

Amen.



Dominica iiii. in Adventu Domini secundum Iohannem.

Miserunt Iudei ab Hierosolymis Sacerdotes et Leuitas ad Iohannem ut interrogarent eum: Tu quid es. Et confessus est, et non negauit: et confessus est: Quia non sum ego Christus. Et interrogauerunt eum. et cetera.

TODAY fais Jon the god godspellere
 In our godspel, als ye mai her,
 That Jowes thair messager send
 Tille Jon the Baptist, for thai wend
 That he hauid ben Crist, for he
 Baptized al that baptized wald be.
 Thir messagers fain Jon fand,
 And said til fain Jon thair erand.
 Bot first quat he was, askid thai,
 And he igain to thaim gan fai,
 Crist that ye sek am I noht,
 And thus he schewed quat thai thoht,
 For thai wend wel that he hauid ben
 Crist, that baptized folc biden.

Thai asked yef he war Elye,
Or man that couthe of prophecye.
And he anfuerd and said nay,
Bot quat he was, he gan thaim say :
Ic am, he said, a criand steuin,
I bid you mac the gates euin
To Crist, als said faint Yfaye,
For Cristes meffager es I.
Thir meffagers was Pharisenes,
That fundered men on Englys menes.
Thai war fundered of comoun lif,
And wit fain Jon gan thai to strife,
And said, sine thou ert noht Elye,
No Crist, no prophet, fai us quye
Baptizes thou tha folc biden,
And makis thaim of finne clen.
And fain Jon anfuereid thanne,
I mai noht baptize bot als manne,
For goddhed haf I in me nan,
Bot Goddis fun manhed havis tan,
And you wit water baptiz I,
He fal baptiz you gastily,
Imang you wonand he isse,
Bot ye no know him noht, I wisse,
He es Crist that bifer me
Was Godd, and es, and ai fal be.

He es fa god and derworthi,
That I meself es noht worthi
Bifor him for to sit on knes,
The binding of his scho to les.
Betani was cald that land
Thar fain Jon was than baptizand,
Quen thir Jowes til him yed,
To spir of him and of his dede.
This es the strenketh of our godspelle,
Als man wit Englis tung kan telle.
In this godspelle mai we wel knawe
Gret meknes in fain Jones sawe,
For thar men wend that he war Crist,
He wald that thai the sothe wist,
And granted son that he was noht
The Lauerd that thai thar soht.
Her may ye alle enfampel tak,
Ongart and rofing to forfak,
For mani man him better mas
Than he es in ilke place,
And geres men wen that he be
Mar worthe than other thre :
He rofes him of his cumly kinde,
He wenes his mak mai na man find,
He wald be haldin derworthi
Thoru hendelaic and curtaify,

His wordes mas him man ful hend,
Wit lesing serues he the fend,
That fal him rewli rif at eend,
[Bot he amende hym ore he wende].
Thus did noht fain Jon the Baptist,
For he said that he was noht Crist.
Cristes nam wad he noht tak,
No better than he was him mak.
Haf we forthi in word meknes,
Als fain Jon hauid in wildernes,
Mak we us better noht than we er,
For Godd no mai we nangat der.
In our godspelle wille we se yete,
Qui fain Jon him prophet nitte,
And said, prophet nan am I,
Als qua fai, I openly
Ken you till him of quaim I spek,
That falle the fendes bandes brek,
Bot sua did neuer prophet are,
Forthi bird you trou me the mare,
For Ic am seluen in wildernes
To graithe the gat of rihtwisnes.
Als qua fai, Crist cries in me,
And biddes al folc rihtwis be,
For rihtwis gates graithes he
That loues Godd in Trinite,

Bathe in thoht and word and dede,
For this gat ledis man to mede,
And in this gate mai thai wel spede
That wille thair lif in lewte led,
That es at fay, if man till nehbor do,
That he wald he did him to,
This es the gat that fain Jon kend,
Sinful mannes lif to mend.
This es the gat of rihtwifnes,
That ledes man til joi and pes,
Yef we hald us in this gate
Ful redi fal we haf inlate
In to that blis that lastes ay,
For thider ledes Godes way.
Gern prayed Dauy the prophet,
That God fuld wisse him to that stret,
And said Lauerd thou scheu me
The wai that ledes man to the.

Forthi I red we hald this gate,

Ai til we cum til heuin yate.

This gat biddes fain Jon us grathe
Wit ded, and les the waies laythe
That ledes man til pin of hel,
Als Crist us schawes in our godspel.
Thar he sais, brad es that gat that ledes
Til hel, wit fin and wik dedis,

This gat es stany and thornye
Wit couaitys, and glotounye,
Wit prid, and nithe, and licherye,
And mani foles gas thar bye,
And forthi I red wel that we leete
This gat, and tak the hey strete
That ledis god men [full euen]
Wit penanz to the blis of heuin.
Bot Satenas our wai will charre,
Forthi bihoues us be waire
That we ga bi na wrange fties,
For Satenas ful gern us spies.
For ef this thef mai us met
Out of this forfayd hey stret,
He bes ful redi, als outlawe,
To harl us in to wod schawe,
And mak us bathe nakid and nais,
Als fain Gregorie us fays,
Ilk dai mak we a iorne
Till heuin, ef we god men be,
Bot in our gat lis Satenas
Wit his felawes, als thef in pas,
And spies ful gern ef we straye,
And haldes noht the riht way.
That es at fai, ef we lef
Riht liuelad, he mai us ref

Meknes, faithe, and chafite,
Buxumnes, and charite,
And yef he haf of us poufte,
He wil ref us al our lewte,
And led us in that werid waye,
That ledis til waharmes aye.
Of this wai riht nou I fpake,
Forthi I red we it forfak,
And hald we us in rihtwifnes,
That riht gat till ward heuin es.
Bot for I faid that Satenas
Waites us als thef in pas,
I wille you tel of a pilgrim,
Hou Satenas bigiled him.

Parracio. It was a man als Ic herd fay,
That til fain Jamis hit the way,
And that day that he fuld wend,
He mad a feft til al his frend,
Fel auntour that he was fa gladde,
That Satenas mad him ful madde,
And gert him dedeli finne
Wit a womman, that was thar inne.
Quen he hauid his fin don,
Apon his wai he went him fon,
And he that gert him falle in blam,
Met him in liknes of fain Jam,

And askid him quider he wald wende,
Bot he wist noht it was the fende,
And faid, I mac mi vaiage,
Til fain Jam in pilgrimage.
The fend anfuerd and faid sone,
No wat thou noht quat thou hauis done
In licheri igaines me,
Ic es fain Jam that spekis wit the,
Thou ert unworthie me to seke,
Thi vayage es noht worthe a leke :
Wend thou thi fin fra me to hide,
Quen thou it did, I was bifide,
Thi vayage mai noht pai me,
Bot ef thou do that I bid the.
This man wend that he fain Jam ware,
And faid, Lauerd Ic am al yare
For to be boxom you to,
And do al that ye fai me to.
Ga fwith, he faid, and geld the,
That I thi repentanze mai se,
And fcher thi throt in tua riht son,
For hauis thou mi wille don,
And quen thou hauis thi seluen flan,
Til heuin falle I ger the be tane.
This pilgrim wend to pai fain Jam,
And did himseluin mikel scham,

And he fchar al awai ful rathe,
His members and his penndanz bathe,
And sithen he fchar his throt in tua,
And son quen he hafede don fua,
Satanas was ful redie,
And tok that fawel gredilye,
And mad ful gret joi of his prai,
And til ward helle he tok the wai.
Sain Peter and fain Jam him mette,
And baithe thai gan his wai to lette,
And fain Jam faid to the fend,
Quider wil to wit mi pilgrim wend.
And he anfuerd and faid til helle,
Thar he fal for his finnes duel,
For he was his awen ban,
Forthi in him part haf ye nan,
Wit riht and refoun he es mine,
To wend wit me til helle pine.
Than anfuerd fain Jam for his man,
And faid, thou lies traytour Satan,
Thou wat wel thef, thou hauis the woh,
For in mi nam himself he floh,
He wend wel that thou hauid ben I,
Quen thou gert him do his folye,
In deed was he til me bowxom,
And forthi fal he wit me com.

The fend said, that mai noht be,
Wit riht and law mai thou fe
That he es min thoru jogement,
For quen he on his vayage went,
He filed his sawel dedelye
Wit the filth of licherie,
And fithen wit his awen knife
He fet him feluin of his life,
Wy, fai me Jam, on quatkin wisse
Moht he mar dey in mi seruise,
Loc quether I wit riht and lawe,
May him wit me til helle drawe.
Sain Jam anfuerd and said him to,
Wrang no wille I nan the do,
Bot yef we wil the sothe treye,
Gon we til dom of our Leuedye,
And als scho demes fal it be,
For that es riht als think me.
And fain Peter his felawe
Said, this think me riht and lawe,
Mari, he said, es god iustise,
Scho wil do wrang on nan wyfe.
 Quen thai com bifer ur Leuedye,
 Scho demid son wit hir mercye,
At that sawel til the bodye
Suld turn, and penance do worthi,

And said, this fawel, als it nou isse,
Mai nangat cum til heuin blis,
Ar it be clenfed in bodye
Of fin, wit penance worthi,
Forthi for jugement gif I,
That it turn til the bodye,
And clens it wit penance worthi,
And yem it fithen fra mefchanz.
The fend for this dom was farie,
And ille payed that our Leuedye
Hauid reft him wit riht jogement
That man that he wit gil had fchent.

Quen this fawel was cumen igain
To the bodi, this man was fain,
And monc in Cluny he him yald,
And tis tal til his abbot tald,
Hou he was fchent thoru gilri,
And faued thoru our Leuedi.
Georard he hiht, and fra that tim
That Satenas hafd gabbid him,
Hali man he was and god,
And feruid Godd wit miht and mod,
Bot thar his throt was fcorn wit knif,
A red merk was al his lif,
And thar his members was bifore,
Hauid he noht fithen bot a bore.

Bi this tal har may we fe,
That wis and wair bihoues us be,
That Satenas ne ger us rayk
Fra rihtwifnes, to sinful laik,
For yef he find us out of stret,
He bindes us baith hand and fete,
That es at fay, ef he us find
In dedeli fin, he may us bind
Wit wik will, and ger us wend
Fra fin to fin, and sua us schend.
For als he gert this pilgrim ga
Fra fin to fin, and himself sla,
Sua gers he man ga gastilye,
Fra glotouny to licherye,
Fra lychery to couaytye,
And sua to prid and enuy,
And at the last in his prisoun
He dos him, als thef in prisoun,
Quen he gers him in wanhop falle,
For wanhop his prisoun I calle,
For qua fa cumes anes thar inne,
Thar of may he noht lihtli winne,
For qua deyes in that prisoun,
His sawel es broht til a donjoun,
Thar it wit ouden end fal lend,
Wit al faas, wit ouden frend,

For it bes felaw wit the fend,
That fnellik fal it fcham and fchend,
And quen this werd bes broht til end,
Than fal the bodi thider wend,
Wit that fari fawel to lend,
Thar wormes fal it rewli rend,
Thar fal it bi that fari finne,
That it no wald noht hir blinne,
That foru mai na tung telle,
That it fal drey wit fendes felle.
Hald we us forthi in ftret,
That Satenas may us noht met,
That es at fay, in rihtwifnes,
Quarof fain Jon in wildernes
Spac, and bad us graythe that way
That ledis man til gamen and play.
Our Lauerd in this wai us lede
Til heuin, and yeld us thar our med.

Amen.



Ad missam in Nocte Patalis Domini secundum Lucam.

Exiit edictum a Cesare Augusto ut describeretur uniuersus orbis. Hec Descriptio prima facta est a preside Syrie Cyrino. et cetera.

Ad missam in Mane secundum Lucam.

Pastores loquebantur ad inuicem. Transeamus usque Bethleem, et videamus hoc verbum quod factum est, quod fecit Dominus et ostendit nobis. Et uenerunt festinantes, et inuenerunt Mariam, et Iosep. et cetera.



A and wanderet walkes wide,
That com of couaitis and prid,
Toru couaitis and prid, bigan
Man to haf maystri of man.
That wasse first fen in him that hiht
Nembrot, that was fa bald and wiht,
That in his tim maistri he wan
Of al the men that lifd than.
The bibel telles us openlye
Of Nembrot and his maistri,
Hou the folc that was wit him
Bigan to mak a tour that tim,

That fuld reche to the lifte,
Bot Godd that skilfulli kan fskift,
Mad them alle ferely fpekand,
That nan moht other underftand,
And gert them lef thair wilgern werk,
Bot of thair not yet ftandes merk,
In Babilony the tour yet ftandes,
That that folk mad wit thair handes.
Of that tour nou fpek I,
For lauerdhed and for maifttri,
That Nembrot havid firft of man,
Bifor quaim werdes king was nan.
For he, thoru prid and couaitife,
Gert folc firft bowe til his feruife,
Of him men gan enfampel tak,
King and thain in land to mak,
For efter him com kinges fele,
That gan this werld imang thaim dele,
And he that havid maft miht,
Feld the waiker king in fihht,
Bot at the laft, wan Rom the priffe,
And toc of al this werld feruiffe.
For alle kinges yald trouage
Till Rom, and feruis and homage.
In Rom was, als fel auntour,
A wonder myhti emperour,

That hiht Cefar and Auguftus,
Als our bibel telles us,
And in his tim ger he telle,
Als fais fayn Louc in our godfpelle,
Of all this werd the cuntres,
And of cuntres the cites,
And al the men that war wonand
Bathe in borwis and apon land,
Sua that ilk man of eld
Suld cum til his boru, and gif yeld
For himfelf and for his menye,
And graunt that he fuld buxum be,
Efter his miht in al thing,
Til Cefar, that of Rom was king ;
And ouer al this werd, thoru and thoru,
Com men and wymmen til thair boru,
To do the king comandement,
For qua fa did noht, he war fchent.
And than was Josef Mari fpoufe,
For he hauid broht hir than til houle,
And forthi led he hir him with
Til Bedhelem imang his kith,
To yeld thar that to thaim felle,
Als faid to day our firft godfpelle.
And for Mari wit child waffe,
He ledd hir wit him on an affe,

And an ox, as we find in spelle,
Broht Josef wit him for to felle.
Bot ar thai war to toun comen,
War innes al bifer thaim nomen,
Sua that thar was na herberie
To Josef and his spouse Marie,
Bot a pendize [that] was wawles,
Als oft in borwis tounes es.
And thar Josef a crithe wroht
Til bestes that he wit him broht,
And als he mad a pouer bedd
Til Mary, that he wit him ledd,
For than com tim Mari mild
Suld be deliuerd of hir child.
And son quen scho deliuerd waffe,
Scho laid hir son bifer [hyr] affe,
[And by fore that ox bathe,
So thay knew hym fore Gode full rathe.
For in propheci was it sayd,
That he fulde before thaim be layde.
Fore Abakuk and Yfay
Spak tharof apeyrtly ;
And hyrdes that woke that ilke nyght
About thair bestes, faght a lyght
Of heuen come lightand thaim aboute,
And of this lyght thai had a grete doute,

And an aungell byfyde thaime stode,
And gladded sone thair fory mode,
And bad thai fulde haue na radnes.
Forethi, he sayd, I comen es
To bryng you bodword of that blys,
That fall glad all this werld, I wys,
For Crift, God sonne, ryght now
Ys borne in Bethleem unto zowe,
That ge be fyker of this heptynge,
I gyf you this to takenyng,
That ge fall fynd a chylde thar bonnden
In a creke, wit cloutes wonnden.
When this [was] sayd, aungelles fele
Loud God wit this aungele,
And [saide], blys and yoi in heuen be
To worthy Gode in trinite,
And als in erthe to man be pees,
That in ryght trewthe and gude lyf es.
Aftyr this brygnes and this leme,
Thare herdes come to Bethleem,
And fand in chyldebede our Laedy,
And als so Joseph standand hyr by,
And the chylde in strethe layde,
Ryght als the aungele thaim had sayd,
And by that takyn knew thai ryght,
That that was Criste that lang was hyght,

Before that tyme, in many prophecy,
And thai loued God full gerne forthi,
For blys that thar in was layd.
And Mari toke yeme what thai fayd,
And held in hert thair wordes all,
And thought well what of Criste suld fall.
Now haue ze herd whare Criste was borne,
That boght us all when we war lorne.
Full wele burd us of hys byrth
Be glade, and make bath yoi and myrth,
And loue God, that hym us fende,
And wit penaunce oure lyue to amend.
For in his burght now may we lere
Meknes, that mas man tyll him dere,
For Criste wit fwylke mekenes ferde,
That mare meknes was neuer harde,
Forethi bird us ensampell take
Of hys meknes, and pryd forsake,
When we thynk inwerdly how he,
That es fa heght in Trinite,
Was fa meke that he wald take
Flesche and blode for mannes sake,
And fythen be borne thus purely
O the pouer mayden Mary,
Noght in castyll, ne in tour,
Ne in hall, ne in boure,

Bot in a pouer pentiz, I wys,
That lytill was of worldes blys.
That Lord that fyttes heght in tronne,
And schope bath sterne, sone, and mone,
And heuen, and hell, and erth, and fee,
And makes frute and flour of tre,
And all this worlde made of noght,
And man aftyr hys lyknes wroght,
Wham all that lyues, loues and loutes,
For mannes fake was layde in cloutes.
Whar hard man euer of fwylk meknes,
Me thynk that he unfely es,
That lyues in pryde and enuy here,
And wyll of Criste na meknes lere.
A pryde and enuy wa ye be,
Fore garn burd us that athe fle,
When we thynk how thai fall far,
That wyll noght lete at Cristes lare,
Ne folow hys trafce in meknes,
That es grunde of all gudnes.
Fore thurght meknes es Mary,
Of heuen and erth, qwene and lady,
And Satanas thurght pride he fell
Oute of heuen doune into hell.
In heuen was he aungell fayreste,
And fythen in hell, fend laytheeste.

O pryde comes all his unfell,
That neuer may flake ne kell.
Fore all wa that in this werlde es,
Come of pryde and of unbuxumnes;
For gyf Adams pryd ne war,
He had bene qwyt of sorow and kar,
Bot for he ȝernede for to be
Als wys als Gode, forthi was he
Thurght pryde, maked full unwys,
And flemed oute of paradyse.
God flemed noght hym allane,
Bot thurght hys pryde, us euerilkane.
Fore had he bene in ryght meknes,
He had haldyn buxumnes,
And done als his lorde hym bade,
And endles in ioy bene stede,
Noght he allane, bot hys offsprynge
Suld ay haue lyued wyht outen ende,
If he had bene buxume hym to,
That taght hym all how he suld do.
Bot fore he troued mar hys wyfe
Then God, that gaf hyme lym and lyfe,
And brak Goddes commaundment,
Forthi was all hys offsprynge schent,
And oute of paradyse flemede,
And to pyne of hell demede.

Forthi come Goddes sone to menne,
 The way of mekenes thaim to kenne,
 And in hys burght meknes he us kende,
 And in hys lyfe, and in hys ende;
 And forthi es gude that we be meke,
 And our lorde Criste in meknes feke.
 Fore it es na thyng that fwa schendes,
 Na dose fa mekyll schame to fendes,
 Als dose meknes, whar wit Criste boght
 Mankynde fra hell, when he thus wrought.
 That may we by that takenyng fe,
 That gars fendes fra us flee,
 That es the takenyng of the rode,
 Whar on Criste schede hys blode.
 He schewed the maste meknes thar,
 That euer he schewed fythen, or ar,
 And for the Fende was ay and es
 Proude, may he tholl bot na meknes,
 And forthi when men the takyne mas
 Of the cros, then flees Satanas.
 For na thyng es, als I sayd are,
 That woundes Satanas sa fare,
 Als dos the takenyng of meknes,
 Fore agayne the fende mast it es.
Narracio. That may ze be faint Martyn fee,
 For in his lyue thus writen find we,

That als he was in orifoune,
Then come the Fende als kyng wit croune,
Cled in pall and in rych wede,
And fayd, Martyne, I will the lede
To heuen, that befe thi beste bewyfte,
For wyt zou well that I am Criste,
That may thou by my fayrnes se,
Forthi will I that thou loute me.
And fant Martyn thurght grace it wyfte,
That he was noght Jhesu Crist,
And fayd to hym wyt mylde chere,
Wyll I noght se my lord here,
Bot in that blys, thare he ay es.
And for this worde of meknes,
The Fend went away als reke,
And fled hym for hys answar meke.
 And of faint Anton fynd we,
 That swa meke and myld was he,
That thurght meknes, many tyme
Flayed he fendes fell fra hyme.
And als he was hys ane in stede,
He saw how all the erth was sprede,
Wyt pantre bandes, and gylders blake,
That Satanas had layd to take
Mans faull, als a fouler
Tas foules wyt gylder and panter.

Than fayd Antone, this gude ermyte,
Lorde, what thyng fall passe qwyte,
And be noght in this snarres tane,
And God anwerde, meknes allane.

 Anothyr ermyte hyght Makary,
 To wham the fende had grete enuy,
And on a day the fend hym mete,
Fore fayne he wald his sawes lette,
And sayd, thou dos me grete dyspyte,
For wyt na fyne [may] I the smyte,
And the pennance noght forthi
I see the do, all that do I.
Thou fastes mekyll, and I faste ay,
For I ete nouthyr nyght na day,
Thow wakys mekyll, and swa I do,
For I hafe neuer ryfte ne ro,
Bot wyt a thyng pas thou me,
Sa that I may noght do at the.
And what es that, fayd Makary.
Of thi meknes, he sayd, speke I,
For wit meknes thou passes me,
That schendes me, when I it se.
For swa meke was Makary,
That of hys meknes was ferly.
In ermytage lange wonnd he,
On felles, byfyde a gret cyte.

Out of the cyte was he flede,
And als a ermytte fwylke lyue he lede,
That hys meknes and hys gude lyue
Was fone in the cyte full ryue.
Anothyr ermyte come hym tyll,
And ferued hym at all hys wyll.
Fell auntour, that this Makary
Come unto the cyte full rywely,
To fell thar hys handwerke,
And fa fell auntour, that a clerke
Spak wit a burgas doghter fwa,
That fynfull play laykyd thai twa.
When fcho wit chylde perfoyde was,
Fadir askyd and modyr this case,
Wha had done wit hyr foly,
And fcho answered, a ermyte Makary.
Full wrath wer all hyr frendes than
Wyt Makary, that hali man.
Thai gart take hym and do hym schame,
Als he had spylte this wommane fame.
About the merket thai hym lede,
And dange hym that hys body blede,
And gart hym fynd borghes than,
To fede and clethe this wyk wommane.
The tother ermyte that ferued hym
Was byfyde that ilke tyme,

And thocht gret schame of this chaunce,
And grete for hys maister penaunce.
Makary prayd hym that he
Suld in that cas his borow be,
And he become hys borow thar,
Full wa was hym for hys myffar.
To hymselfe sayd Makary,
A wyfe has thou, and forthi
Behoues the werk faster and mar,
Baith nyght and day, than thou dyd ar,
Els may thou noght wit thi dede
Thi felfe and thi lemman fede.
Bathe nyght wroght Makary and day,
And sent this woman a pert ay,
That he myght wit hys werke gete,
And thar wytall scho boght hyr mete.
This womane yode wit chylde full lange,
And tholed paynes fely strang,
For myght scho haue na delyueraunce,
Ar scho had talde thurght whatkyne chaunce
Scho confaywed, and thurgh whame,
And qwynt fante Makary of hys blame.
When hyr frendys herd of this,
Thame thocht that thai had done of mys,
When thai bette Sainte Makary,
Forthi thai wald cry hym mercy,

And fainte Makary hard fay
At thai wald come, and flede away.
For he was rad to tyne mekenes
Wit louely worde and dereworthynes.
For loufe word and worldes blys
Gers men tyne meknes, I wys,
Forthi flede Criste man louynge,
When the Jewes wald make hym kynge;
Fore worldes wandreht and pouerte
Halde meknes in many mans herte,
And worldes welth mas man full made,
Forthi Makary away it flede.

Thir thre tales haue I you talde,
To ger you in your hertes halde,
That ay the halyar that a man es,
The mar lufes he meknes;
For Crist us kend, als I sayd ar,
Meknes in all hys pouer far,
For in his burght meknes he kende,
And in hys liue, and at hys laft ende.
Forthi I rede that we faste pray,
That Criste lede us here be the way
Off meknes, unto that blys
That to meke men graythede es.

Amen.



**Dominica infra Octavam Nativitatis Domini
secundum Lucam.**

Grant Joseph et Maria mater Ihesu mirantes super his
que dicebantur. et cetera.

THYSE Jewes made ilka ger
Seuen festes on thair maner.
But theder come both zong and olde,
That war for Jewes in Jewery tolde,
In to the temple for to her
Goddess seruyse on thair maner,
And for to make thair offerand thar,
Efter that thair esse war.
And fell auntour, when Criste was chylde,
That both Joseph and Mary mild,
Come to the temple omang thair kyth,
And toke yong Jhesu tham wyth.
And both Joseph and Mary
Thoght of Jhesu gret ferly,

For ferlyes herd thai of hym tell,
Als fayd faynt Luke in oure godſpell.
And in the temple fand thai than
Seynt Symeon, the olde mane,
That had the haly gaſte hym ynne,
And wyft what Criſt fuld thole for fynne.
He blyſſed Joſeph and Mary,
And [childe] Jheſu that ſtod hym by,
And ſpake of Criſt, [and ſaide that he
Was fett to many a man to be]
Bath in ryfyng and in fallyng,
And in takyng of gayn feying,
Als who ſay, gode men fall ryſe,
When this chyld fall be juſtife
On domeſday, when wyk men fall
In to the pitt of hell fall,
Bot good men fall ryſe and wende
In to the blys wit owten ende.
But thar he ſpak of taknyng
[Was ment] of Criſtes up ryfyng,
That was taknyng of gayne fawe,
For Jewes wald noght hys ryfyng knaw,
It made tham ſory and unfayn,
And tharfor ſpak thay thare agayne.
And forthi fayd fant Symeon
Of Criſt, when he layd hand hym on,

This chylde, he sayd, ys sett in taken
That bes agayn fayd and forsaken.
And to our Lady als spekes he,
And sayd, so forowefull fall thou be,
That fwerd of forowe fall thorowe ftyng
Thi fowle, for dol and murnyng.
So dyd hyr hert for forowe thorough ftang,
When fcho on rode fugh hyr fon hang;
And then was fene what Jewes thoght,
When thai thoght bryng hym to noght.
And als faynt Symeon fpak thus
To Mary, of hyr fon Jhesus,
So com thar gangand ane old wyf,
That was a wydow of haly lyf,
And thorowꝝ prophecy fcho wyft
Full many thynges fuld fall of Crift,
And to the folk fcho tald that tyme
Thynges that fuld fall of hym,
How he was sent mans bote to be,
And by man kynde on rode tre.
When Mary and Jofeph had done
That fell to lawe, thai gode home sone,
And wel wex Jhesu thair childe
For grace and wyfdom hym fullfylde.
This es the ftrengh of our gofpell,
Als man on Englyfch tounge may tell.

But a worde fayd faynt Symeone,
That ys on fere manere undone,
Ther he fayd, Jhesu our Lord Kyng
Was sent in fallyng and ryfing.
On a manere, the wordes may
Full well betaken domesday,
When gode men, als I fayd are,
Sall ryfe and to blys fare,
And wykked folk fall fall down
Into hell, that foule dongoun.
Bot men may se another thyng,
In this fallyng and this ryfing,
For the Jewes fell fra all gude,
When thai flow Crist on the rode,]
[And hethen men fra fynne ras,
That before was Criste faafe.
For thai rafe gasteli with Criste
Fra fynne, when that thai ware baptiste,
And wha swa euere es Cristis lyme,
Him awe to rise gasteli with hyme.
For when we of oure fynnes us schryue,
We rise gastely fra dede to lyue,
Fra dede of fynne to life of grace,
That geres us fle the fendes trace,
And we may fee reeulye,
That som men fallis in foly,

And risis of fynne so wightlye,
That bettir man es he in hye,
Than euer zitt before was he,
That be this tale we maye wele fe.

A Tale.

Ane erfbiffchope bezonde the fe,
Was wonande in a faire cite.
A hali man and gude he wafe,
Bot first he fell, and sithene he rafe.
The Fende at him had grete enuye,
And gert him fall in lyccherye
Apon a full felcouthe manere,
Als ze may be this tale here.
A nonnery was in that contree,
Fyue myle fra the biffchope see,
And in this ilk forsaide nonnrye
Was wonand nonnes full manye,
That serued God and oure Ladye,
And kepid thaim wele fra uilanye.
And aunter fell, that to that howse
Come maydens Jhesu Criste to spoufe.
Thir maydens ware sent thaire uayles to take
Of that biffchope, of whaim I spake.
This biffchope, als the manere es,
Reueste him to synge his messe.
Thir maydens come bifore the autere,
And toke thaire uayles on gude manere.

And this bisschope his eye uppe kest
To ane of thaim that was fayrest,
And sone on hir his lufe was fest
Swa harde, that he might haue na rest,
For Sathanas did his maistrie,
And fandid him with lyccherye.
Swa nere his hert hir lufe gon lye,
That right him thocht that he fuld dye,
Bot he had of hir his will,
And might with hir his lust fullfill.
Here maye ze se on whatkin wyfe
The Fend men fandis with his qwayntise,
For gerne he lokis on ilka fyde
To gere us tyne heuens pride.
Him think full lathe men come thare in,
Forthi geres he men fall in synne.
Thir nonnes when that thai halowid ware,
Thai toke thaire leue hame to fare
Full faire to thaire nonnrye,
Bot this bisschope lefft farye.
So was he fondid in wardelie
With brinnand lust of liccherie,
That might he nouthet ete ne drink,
Ne haue night rest, ne slepe no wynk.
For lust him thocht his hert wald brest,
And he umthocht him what was best,

How he might this ilk nonne fange
To flake his lust that was so strange.
Than lettirs sent he hasteli,
Unto the abbeyes of that nonnrye,
And bad scho suld come swithe him to,
The nedes of hir house to do.
When this abbeyes thir tithandes herd,
To the bisschope full sone scho ferd,
And sone when scho was comen thare,
The bisschop schewid her all his care.
So mikil forowe, he saide, I drye
That for lufe all moste I dye.
Bot if thou helpe me in this case,
I may faye for euer allase.
Helpe of me than fall thou tyne,
Bot if thou helpe me of this pyne.
I haue halden thi hous to right,
And helpid the with all mi might,
Now may thou me my trauaile zelde,
If thou will to my langynge helde.
I pray the, graunte me my will,
And ger that nonne come me untill,
That I had here giftirdaye,
For allgate buse me with hir playe,
Or elles forfothe, as I the faye,
Dede mon I be or the thridde daye.

To do the gude I haue mynte,
And if thou ne do, thou hafe it tynt,
And if thou helpe me in this nede,
Full wele fall I qwite the thi mede,
For now may I wele fe and fynde,
If thou to me will be kynde.
I praie the, fwithe graunte me my bone,
And ger that nonne come to me sone.
And neuened the nonne be hir name,
For he lettid for na schame.
When this abbes thir wordes herd,
Scho was forwondird and afferde,
For wende scho neuer mare to here
The bischope speke of fwilk matere,
And scho umthoght hir als sone,
What gude the bisschope had hir done,
And to hir hous, and hir couent,
For bathe he had hir giuen and lent.
And zitt scho thoght hir fothermare
That he hir gert be abbeyes thare,
And forthi thoght hir lathe
In any thinge, to make him wrathe,
And hir had leuar Goddes wrethe,
Than for to haue hir bisschopes lethe.
Forthi scho grauntid him his bone,
And went hame to hir nonnry sone,

And priuely this nonne fcho callde,
And talde hir what the biffchope walde,
And faide, bot if fcho did his will,
That nonnerie walde he strothe and spill.
This ilk zonge nonne was unmightie
To ftand agayne this foule folye,
And faide full fwith, my dere ladie,
To do zoure will, I am redye.
This nonne to the biffchope fore,
And of hir felf fcho made a hore.
Allas, that fcho ne had halden the trifte
That fcho made with Jefu Crite.
For fothe I faie, and fcho had fene
How faire hir felf was, and how fchene,
When that fcho was mayden clene,
Had fcho noght fynned als I wene.
Allas, that fcho noght undirftude
How Crite, that boght hir on the rude,
Had tane hir als his leue fpoufe,
And broght hir to his awne howfe.
Methink fcho chaungid wricchidlye,
When fcho left Crite hir leue luttbye,
And toke hir to a fynfull man,
For to be his lemmane.
A Lorde, forowfull had fcho bene,
If fcho hir awne ftate had fene,

How faire gaffeli scho was and bright,
Whiles hir maydenhede was hir tight.
Lathe had hir bene to do that fynne,
For any werldes gode to wyne.
Bot for scho was als wommane waike,
Scho heldid sone to synfull layke,
That made hir to God full lathe,
In bodie, and in faule bathe.
For thare scho tynt hir maydenhede,
And thare with all that bliffull mede,
That maydens fall haue in that bliffe,
Thare Criste thaire lemman fall thaim kisse.
And all that will this tale here,
Gode enfaupil may thai lere,
Unfikir of thaim self to be,
If thai will understand and se,
How wyse man this biffchope wasse,
And sithen to foly gon he passe,]
Sa stithelic igain him ras
The fend, that him feld in place.
Full ille bers us lah and kinc,
Quen apon this bischop we think,
For he, that thef that gert him falle,
Es about to fla us alle.
Bot sinful man gers him oft schurne,
And castis him wit his awen turne,

Quen [he] him fchrikes of his fin,
And kepes no mar falle thar inne.
 Lauerd, mikel es thi mercie,
 For ay Lauerd, es thou redye
For to forgif us our folye,
Als oft als we for mercie the crye;
Be our fin neuer fa ugly,
Thou forgifes us fa freli,
That al men mai think ferlye
Of thi pete, and thi mercye.
For thar na man fal in wanhop,
That thinkes wel on this bifchop,
For this bifchop, of quaim I telle,
Sa dep in filth of finne he felle,
That he was worthe to brinne in helle.
And thar euermar to duelle,
Yef it no hafd ben thi mercye,
That gert him ris of fin in hy,
And forthi fuld alle men lof the,
And bowfom to thi wille be.
For thou, that geris the dumbe fpek,
Thoru fchrift, thou gert this bifchop brek
The fendes band, and his maiftri,
Wel birs us blis the derworthelye.
 Kep I na langer her to duelle,
 Bot forthi our tal will I telle,

How this biſchop, wit penanz ras
Out of his fin, thoru Goddes grace.
 Quen this biſchop this fin hafd don,
 Our Lauerd ſend him grace ful ſon,
And gert him think wel of his ſtate,
And ſon bigan he for to grate,
And ſaid, alas, that I was borne,
Schamlic haf I me forlorne,
Biſchop I am, and fuld wel liſ,
And god enfampil til other gif,
And haf ſwa my ſawel ſchente,
That I war worthe for to be brente,
Allas, thate euer was I clerc,
Qui tok I on me Goddes werc,
Forſothe Ic am wel mar to blame,
And for to thol wel mar ſchame,
Thanne er thir ſimpel lawed menne,
Thaim I fuld bathe lere and kenne,
And now am I wel wer than thaye,
Ic haf plaied a forful playe,
For Ic haf broken Goddes houſe,
And reft Ic haf Jeſus his ſpouſe,
Allas, alas, that I was born,
For al folc mai drife me to ſchorn,
How ſal I fare on domes daye,
Quen I falle be ſlemid awaye

Fra Goddes faz, til pin of helle,
Wit outen end tharinne to dwelle.
 Quen he him thoht of helle pin,
 And quat thai thol that er tharin,
And of that joy that he hafd tinte,
To fla him felf he hafd minte,
Sa forful was this erzbischof,
That almaſt fel he in wanhop,
Bot Goddes graz was fon redye,
And wald noht thol him miſcarye,
Bot confortd him wit ſwetly ſware,
And lethed his foru and his kare,
And gert him ful fon haf god hop.
That the leſtes blodes drop
Of that ilc derworthi blode,
That Jeſus ſched apon the rode,
Was of wel mar derworthines,
Than alle men fin of wikednes.
And fon he gan to kalle and krye
At the yates of mercye.
He gert graithe him a priue ſted,
Thar he moht lif wit water and brede.
 A pouer hous was fon purvaide,
 And pouer atir tharin was layde,
And thar woned this biſchop lange,
In foru of hert and penanz ſtrange.

Quen parofchenis com him to,
Mani nedes wit him to do,
He gert his ferganz til thaim faie,
That he in Godes bandes laie.
For he fended the ferganz
That thai fuld tel man his penanz.
This erzebifchop lifd thare,
In strang penanz, and foru, and kare.
Wit hayr ful hard his bodi he cledde,
Wit bred and water was he fedde,
He wroht that bodi wa inohe,
That him to filth of fin drohe.
He yald it that it gert him do,
Wit pin, and reft it reft and ro.
His foul fleis drohn him to fin,
Forthi he mad it pouer and thin.

 The lawed folc was iuel payed,
 And for thair bifchop gern prayed,
For thai wend alle that he fek ware,
And for him was thair hert ful fare.
Erles, knihtes, and baronnes,
Prestes, vikers, and parfonnes
Toht of thair bifchop gret ferli,
And pleined thaim, and askid qui,
That thai moht noht thair bifchop fe.
And wel thai wend that ded war he.

Sum mananced his durs to brek,
Bot yef thai moht wit him fpek.
Than wald his chamberlain thaim stille,
And fair he graunted thaim thair wille,
He bad thaim in the palays duelle,
And faid he fuld his lauerd telle,
Alle thair langing and thair wille,
[And ger the byschop come thaim tylle].
This chamberlain to chamber yode,
And faid his lauerd, wit fari mode,
Alle quat the folc faid him to,
Bot yef thai moht cum him to.
And quen the bifchop herd this,
Ful forful was his hert, I wis,
He chanded fon his ouri wed,
And forth into the halle he yed.
The folc faw wel his pouer fstate,
And far for him gan thai grate,
For wel thai thoht that he was fek,
For pal and clungen was his chek,
His fkin was klungen to the bane,
For fleifche apon him was thar nane.
Quen folc wit him thair fille hauid fpokin,
Igain in chamber was he lokin,
His frendes faw wel bi his faz,
That he hafd mifter of folaz,

And gert him wel eet and drinc,
And lef his utrageous fwinc;
Bot ai he thoht apon his finne,
That ftang his hert ful far wit inne.
And quen the laued folc wel herd,
That thair bifchop better ferd,
Ful fain thai war, and com riht fon
Til him, and askid him a bon;
That he fuld on hey feft day,
Sing them a meffe, gern prayed thai.
The bifchop fon him umthoht,
That fing the mes moht he noht,
Ar he was fcrifen of his finne,
That bate his hert fa far within.
Bot noht forthi, him was ful lathe
To wain thaim, or mac thaim wrathe.
He hiht the folk thair meffe to fing,
And thai war fain of his hihting.

Bathe ald and yong, and mar and leffe,

Com for to her the bifchop meffe,

Apon a hey feft day,
For it to her ful fain war thai.
Quen the bifchop to fing was graithed,
And riche atir on auter laid,
He ftod ftille, and bigan to preche,
Als man that cuthe the folc teche.

He preched on fa fair maner,
That it was joi for to her,
And quen his fermoun ended was,
The folc wit mikel joi up ras,
And thankid Jefus in that plaz,
That gaf thair bifchop fli graz.
Bot he gert thaim fit down again,
And faid, you bird be unfain
Of me, that fulde be your bifchop,
For Ic es werr man than ye hop.
Ye wen ful wel nou euerilkan,
That I be a ful hali man,
And I fay you, forsothe, that ye
Foullic deceuid er of me.
For me felf haf I fwa fchent,
That I war worthe for to be brent,
For Ic am a kaitif lechour,
And ille man, and Goddes traytour.
Bifor him al the folc he kald,
And tille thaim alle his fin he tald.
 Quen he havid faid his finful ded,
 He keft of him that riche wed,
That es at fai, his veftement,
And thoru the folc barfot he went.
This folc bigan to grat and cry,
And bad him turn again in hey.

Thai faid, our Lauerd es ful redi
To haf of the ful god mercy.
We wil, thai faid, apon us take
Al thi fin, and al thi wrak.
Forthi fader, we praye the,
Thou turne igain, and bischop be.
Bot moht thair praier noht auail,
For wald he noht trow thair confail,
Bot did him forthe, als he wair wode,
Wit foru, and fit, and dreri mode.
Awai he ran, and far he gret,
And wit a womman fon he met,
That bar a child in hir arm,
In fwethel cloutes liand warm.
This child was noht an half yer ald,
And spac, thohquethir, wordes bald
Til the bischop, and askid qui
He was fa forful and fary.
The child spac thoru the haligaste,
And bad him turne igain in haste.
Ga fwithe, he faid, and fing thi messe,
For al thi fin forgiuen esse.
This child spac graytheli wit mouthe,
Bot thoru kind, spec it ne kouthe.
Bot thoru mirakel spac he thare,
And bad the bischop lef his kare,

And turn igan, als Ic haf said,
Thar it in noriz arm was laid.

 This bischop flekerid in his thoht,
 For graitheli no wist he noht,
Hougat this yong child spac him tille,
Quethir with god gast, or wit ille.
Forthi wald he noht turne igan,
No to the childes norz be bain,
And did him forthe als he war madde,
For riht repentanz mad him radde.
And an angel bi wai he mette,
In mannes fourm, that him grette,
And said, Godd sendes me to the,
And biddes the bald and fiker be,
That al thi sin forgiuen isse,
And biddes the turn and sing thi messe.
The bischop for, als he war medde,
And the angel to kirc him ledde,
And did his vestement him on,
And gert him sing his messe riht son.

 The bischop wel sang his messe than,
 And sithen bicom a hali man,
That bathe lered, and lawed said,
That this auntour was for him laid,
To ger him better be manne,
And flither stand igan Satane.

And bi this tale, mai we se alle,
That God tholes god men to falle,
For he wil that they stither rise,
And be cunnand in his seruise.
Als oft als man in sin falles,
Als oft Crist fra sin him calles,
And biddes him turn, wit swetli fware,
Fra sinne, and fall tharin no mare.
And forthi that Crist on flic wis
Bathe lates us falle, and gers us ris,
Symeon in our godspel said,
That Crist to mani man was laid,
In falling and in rising bathe,
For Crist lates falle and rise bathe,
Als we mai bi this bischop se,
For first he felle, and sithen ras he.
Prai we till God of heuin forthi,
That he haf of us mercye
And yef we fal in any schathe,
He gif us graz to rise rathe,
And cum wit him to that blisse,
Thar nou this bischop wit him isse.

Amen.



In Epiphania Domini secundum Matheum.

Cum natus esset Iesus in Bethleem Jude, in diebus Herodis regis: Ecce magi ab oriente uenerunt Ierosolymam, dicentes; Ubi est qui natus est rex Iudeorum. Audimus enim stellam eius in oriente. et cetera.

THE tuelft dai fra Cristes birthe
Bides cristen men mak joy and mirthe,
For Matheu scheues in our godspelle,
Quat mensk til Crist als this dai felle.
He telles us, hou kinges thre,
Com to Jerusalems cyte,
And said, the king of Jowes quar es he,
That nou es born, him feke we.
We saw a stern in our contre,
We com wit giftes for to fe,
And for to worschip him als king,
That schewed us fly taking.
The king Herod herd this tithand,
And was tharfor ful ille likand.

And alle folk of that cyte,
Toht ferli of thir kinges thre.
The king Herodes cald in hie
The Jowes that knew the prophecye,
And sperid in quat time, and quat cyte,
That Goddes fun fuld born be.
And thai anfuerd and said, that he
Suld be born in that cyte,
That Bedleem was cald in lede,
And namcouthe boru in that thede.
Thai schewed the king openlye,
That spac of this thing witerlye.
Herodes gert calle thir thre kinges,
And prayed thaim on alle thinges,
That thai fuld gern spire efter Crist,
And send him word quar was his gift ;
For I wille, he said, tille him come,
And worschip him als worthi gome.
And he spired efter that sterne,
Quar for thai soht him fa gerne.
Quen he riht tim tharof wist,
He bad thaim gern spir efter Crist,
And said, loc ye wit me to fay
Quar ye him find, for than I may
Com son, and fallen him to bete,
And him als king wit worschip gret.

This said Herodes in vaidye,
For at Crist hauid he gret enuye.
For he was rad that Crist fuld cum,
And put him out of his kingdom.
Forthi wald he wit quar he ware,
And him to fla was he ful yare.
That was wel fen, quen he gert fla
Seuin schor thousand childer and ma,
To fand Cristes walk to felle,
For imang thaim he wald him quelle.
But igan Godd, that es fa wife,
Mai noht awail mannes quaintife.

Quen Herod hauid said quat he wald,
Tille thir thre kinges, that war cald,
On wai thai went, and son thai sawe
The stern, that thaim the gat gan schawe,
Ai til it com euenlye
Thar Crist was abowen, and Marye.
Thai war ful fain quen thai it sawe,
And tille that housé gan thai drawe.
Thar Crist fatte on his moder kne,
Redi to kep thair giftes thre.
Thir kinges com in menskelie,
And knelid bifor Crist in hie,
And menskid him wit giftes thre.
Als anfald Godd in Trinite.

The first gifte was gold, that isse
Richest of alle metal, I wisse,
And bitakenis that Crist was king,
For king hafs riueli gold in bing.
The tother gift that thai gaf Crist,
Was rekelis, for wel thai wiste,
That rekelis bifend his goddhede,
Als now shewes hali kirk indede,
For rekeles rekes upward euin,
And menskis him that wonis in heuin.
The thrid gift thai him tok,
Was a smerlis, als fais the boc,
That bitter es, and mir is cald,
And mai the man fra roting hald
Quen he es ded, forthi es sene
That thai his dede bi [myrr] wald mene.
Thai saw wel, him bihoued dreye
Pyn of bodi, and sithen deye.
Forthi wit mirr thai schewed thanne,
That him bihoued dey als manne.
For al bihoues us passe that pase,
For dede bathe riche and pouer tase.
 Quen thir ilc thre rihtwis kinges
 Hafd ofred to Crist thir thre thinges,
A steuin in slep gaf thaim warning,
That thai fuld lef Herod the king,

And turn ham bi another way
In to thair land, and fua did thai.
This es the godspel of todai,
Als man on Englis telle mai.
 Her on spekes fayn Gregorie,
 And fais the Jowes war unfeli,
That saw ful fel takeninges
Of Cristes birth, and hou thir kinges
Thar schewed thaim fa openlye
Thing that thai saw in prophecy,
And bar witnes that Crist war cumen,
And hafd man kind opon him numen.
And sithen, for al that boc moht fai,
Igain Crist said the Jowes ai.
The prophecyes knew thai welle,
Til thair awen mikel unfele ;
For thai wald nangat trou that sau,
No Jefus for thair Lauerd knawe.
Hefen and erthe, and fun and fe,
Bar witnes that cumen was he,
That fuld mannes state amend,
For heuin and sterne in witnes tend,
That he was cumen that broht us liht
Into this world, and makid briht
The trowthe, that ar was mirk als niht,
For thoru Crist, trow we nou riht.

The erthe bar als ful graith witnes
Igain the Jowes wrangwifnes,
For it schewed with graithe takinge,
That Crist was Godd of all thing.
For writen es in hali boc,
That quen Crist deyed the erthe quoc ;
The funne bar witnes, for it knew
That Crist was Godd, quen it witdrew
The bemis, and was mirk als niht,
Quen Crist deyed for mannes pliht ;
The fe kneu als Crist goddhede,
And was hard quen he tharon yed ;
And mani ertheli other thing
Schewed that Crist was Godd and King ;
For roches raf als dos the clay,
And quic ras rafes that dede laye,
That tim that Crist was on rode flain,
And yet war Jowes him igain ;
For wald thai noht thair lesing lette,
And faid that Crist was fals prophete.
For na takinge that thai moht fe,
Wald thai trow that Crist, Godd moht be.
Bot haythen folc gan goddhed schaw
In Crist, that Jowes wald noht know.
For als this dai com kinges thre,
And bar witnes that born was he,

In Epiphania Domini.

Of quaim the prophecies was spokin,
Bot thai wist noht quare he was lokin;
The sted quare he was born thai soht,
For of his birth doutet thai noht.

Thir cumly kinges, als we finde,
War cumen of Balaames kind,
That lang bifor in prophecie,
Spac of this stern apertelye,
And of Cristes birth bathe,
Quar for the king Balac was wrath.
Lang war to telle of that storie
That Balaam spac in prophecie.

Balam kind was won to wac,
And wait this stern of quaim he spac,
For thoru his prophecy thai wist,
That it suld bring tithand of Crist.
Forthi was Balaam kind won
To wak, for ilk man bad his son,
Quen he war ded, to wak riht gern,
And faand yef thai moht se the stern.

And mani hondret winters yed,
Quil Balaam kin fulfild this ded;
For faderes to thair fun kend
To wak ai to thair liues end.
And on this maner, war thir kinges
Gret clerkes thoru niht wakinges,

For thai couthe mikel of that clergi
That clerkes kalles astronomi,
That spekes of stern, and sun, and mon,
And schewes thing that ferr es don.
Bot of that stern wille I you telle
Quarof to dai spekis our godspelle.

Sain Jon wit the gilden mouthe

Sais us that this stern was felcouthe,

For it no stud noht up on hey,
Bot tille thir kinges lan it fley,
On feld thar thai woc on yol niht,
And tharin fau thai felcouthe fiht,
A fair child in this stern thai fau,
That Cristes birth til thaim gan schau,
And bad thaim fek imang the Jowes,
A child in quaim es alle uertues.
For fain war thai of thir tithandes,
And for feir in to Jowes landes,
To fek quar Jefus was duelland,
And thoru this stern thai him fand.

Nou haf ye herd hou thir thre kinges

Ofred tille Jefus thre thinges,

And thohquether war thai haythen men;
For bi thair ded wil Crist us ken,
For to mensk him gastelye
Wit giftes, als thai did bodilye.

In Epiphania Domini.

For if we in charite lif,
God gaffly gold to Godd we gif.
For gold bitakenis charite,
For na mettal mai better be
Than gold, for na thing better iffe,
Than charite til mar and leffe.
For if we haf riht charite,
Til thaim that er mar than we,
Tille thaim er we fa lele and holde,
That our feruis es to thaim golde.
For yef we do that thai bid us
In god, than folu we Jefus,
That tille his fader was bowsom,
Quen he intil this werld wald com,
And tholed dede on rode tre,
To gif enfampel of charite.
For charite schewed he than
Bathe tille his fader and til man.
Til Godd his fader schewed he
Riht boufomnes, and charite
Til mankind, that he lufd fua,
That for man tholid al that wa.
Forthi bihoues us ilkan
Haf riht luf til our ouer man,
And quat god fa he biddes us do,
Boufom we au to be him to.

For Cristes bidding we forfac,
Yef we prelate bidding noht tac,
Als himself bers god witnes,
Thar he spekis of boufomnes,
For sin him seluen moht noht com
Til heuin, but yef he war bowfom,
Hou wil we com thar he now es,
Bot yef we lif in boufomnes,
Ful lang es euer, lang es euer,
Bot yef we hon, com we thar neuer.
Our Lauerd Crist len us the graz,
To folu in bowfomnes thi traz;
For charyte tharin we schau
That we til our prelates au.
And noht allan til thaim au we
To haf riht luf and charite,
Bot bathe tille brother and felau,
For thaim we au to til and drau
Wit god ensampil til godnes,
And snibbe thaim for unboufomnes,
And yef thai of our help haf nede,
We aw to help thaim with our dede,
And yef thai do misse igain us,
Forgif we thaim als did Jesus,
For he hafd charite inoh,
Quen he forgaf him that him sloh,

And asked thaim forgifnes,
To fcheu us quat charite es.
For als he did, bihoues us do,
For elles cum we noht him to.
That es at fai, bot we forgif
Leth, and wreth, quil we her lif,
We mai noht com thar now es he,
For thider ledes charite.
Yef we than in charite lif,
God gastli gold tille Crist we gif.
For charite in boc es cald
Gastly gold, als I you tald.

Nou haf ye herd wel apertie,
Quat gold bitakenes gastlye,
For gold was the first thing
That kinges gaf til Crist our king.
The tother gift, als I ar said,
Er rekeles that on fir er laid,
And gifs smek that smelles wele,
And fer men mai the smek fele;
And sua dos creften man praier,
That es to Crist ful lef and der,
Yef it be laid opon the fire,
It flakes Goddes wrec and ire.
This fir calle I charite,
That brinnand in us au to be.

It clenfes man of finful luft,
Als fire clenfes iren of ruft.
Opon this fir au we to lai
Gastli recles, that es at fai,
God praier, that ful fuet smelles,
And Goddes wreth fwages and felles,
And geres him grant man his bon,
Haf he neuer sli fin don.
The thred gift, als I you tald,
Was mirre, that mannes fles mai hald
Abowen erthe fra roting,
And es of penanz graith taking.
Bot mirre bites, als I said are,
And penanz bites man ful fare,
Bot ai the farer that it bites,
The clener of fin the man it quites.
This filth cal I roting of fin,
That geres the sawel rot wit in.
This mirr haldes us fra roting,
That es, fra lust and fra liking.
 Nou haf ye herd of gold gastelye,
 And als of rekeles apertelie,
And als of mirr, the thrid thing,
Quarof man mas gasteli offering.
Do we forthi, als did thir kinges,
And mensk we Crist wit thir thre thinges.

Bot folu we first the stern, that ledes
God men til mirthful medes.
This stern cal I Godes worde,
That precheour bringes out of horde,
That kennes man the riht wai
Until that joi that lastes ai.
Our Lauerd Jefus Crist us rede
To do penanz, and thider us lede.

Amen.



Dominica infra Octauam Epiphanie, secundum Lucam.

Cum factus esset Ihesus annorum xii., Ascendentibus parentibus ejus in Jerusalem, secundum consuetudinem diei festi, consummatisque diebus, cum redirent, remansit puer Ihesus in Jerusalem, et non cognouerunt parentes. et cetera.

THE Jowes woned in fer contre,
And a cuntre hit Galile,
And burwis tounes war tharinne,
Thar Jowes wodes with welth and winne.
And Mari ledd hir lif with methe,
In a toun that hiht Nazarethe,
For thar als hoswif held scho house,
Wit Josef, hir lele spouse,
And wit our Lauerd Crist hir son.
Bot quen tim com, that thai war won
In to Jerufalem to fare,
For to mac thair offerand thare,
Thider thai yod imang thair kithe,
And led child Jefus thaim withe,

Quen he waffe tuelf yer ald,
Als we find in our godspel tald.
Sain Loc fais in our godspelle,
That quen thai havid don that felle
Til Moyfes lauh, ham gan thai ga,
And child Jesus willed them fra.
Quen thai him missed, thai him soht
Imang thair kith, and fand him noht,
And forthi Josep, and Mari
War for him sorful and fari.
Thai turned in to the cite,
And soht ful gern quar he moht be,
And in the tempil fand thai
Child Jesus, on the thrid dai,
Imang maisteres of the Jowes law,
That thoht ferlic of Cristes saw.
For al thoht thaim of him felcouthe,
For wisdom that com of his mouthe.
And til hir sun said onr Leuedy,
Sun, qui haues tou mad us fari,
Ic and thi fader haues the soht
Karful, bot we no fand the noht.
And Crist anfuerd and said, quye
Haf ye soht me sa ithenly,
Wist ye noht me bihoued in deedes
Be bifi in mi fader nedes.

And thai wist neuer quat he ment,
Bot til his word Mari toc tent,
And Crist ham wit his frendes went
Til Nazaret, quarof I ment,
And underlout til thaim was he,
Als god child au til elderes be.
And bath til Godd and man he thraf
Wit witte and graz, that Godd him gaf.
This es the strenthe of our godspelle,
Als man on Ingelis tung may telle.

On this godspel scheues fain Bede
Cristes godhed, and his manhede.

His refoun and his wife thewes,
That he was Godd, ful graitheli schewes.
For wife men, als are said I,
Of his wisdom thot gret ferlye ;
And bi his meknes mai man se,
That man in felle and flesche was he.
For he that alle wisdom couthe,
Herd wisdom mekli of thair mouthe,
That lesse god couthe than he,
Forthi bird yong men mek be.
For Crist was of tuelf winter elde,
Quen al wisdom was in his weld,
And thohquether herd he mekli
Wisdom of thaim that fat him bi.

Forthi bird yong men prid forsake,
And of child Jესus bisen take;
For mekeli fuld thai wiřdom here,
Ar thai fuld other men lere.
Bot nou er yong man fa bald,
That thai wil lere bathe yong and ald,
For ar thai kann thaim seluen ken,
Wil thai wiřdom lere other men.
Fair eld ſchew thai in thair youthe,
Wit modi wordes of thair mouthe,
At Criřtes lar wil thai noht lete,
That fat mekeli at maiřters fete,
And herd mekeli, als I ſaid are,
Al thair wiřdom, that thai ſpac thare.
Criřt ařkid wiřdom fiřt at wiře,
Ar he wald ſai thaim his auife,
And ſua kend he us fiřt to her,
And ſiřhen other men to lere.

Bot thar Jořep, and Mari fand
Criřt imang wiře men ſitand,
Thar mai we graithe enřampel take,
Unwiře felawřchip to forsake,
And hald us imang wiře men,
That kan us wiřdom lere and ken.
For riueli ſe we him that drawes
Til recolage of ille felawes,

Falle als fol in fele folies,
Be he neuer fa quaint and wife.
For he mai nangat be lot lese
Of thair fin, and thair wiknese.
For qua fa nehe wit hend or fleses
Hate molten pic, on thaim it cleuis :
Pik that cleues quen it is tan,
Bifens deling wit wik man,
For his fin clefes on god men,
And mas thaim fouler thanne the Fen :
And forthi red I that man drawe
Til hali man, and god felawe,
That mai amend him of his fake,
And chafti him, ef he miftake.
Als did fain Jon the godfpeller,
That for efter a fol ful fer,
And did awai his dedes dim,
And mad an hali man of him.
For thoru il felawes was he
Mad als ille man als he moht be.
Bot fain Jon turned him fra fin,
And gert him hali lif begin,
Forthi es god that I you telle,
Hou it of that man liuelad felle,
For bi him we mai bifen betac
Ille felawfchip for to forfak.

Rarratio.

Quen hali kirc bigan newli,
Sain Jon was fifel, and bifi,
In ordaining of priestes, and clerkes,
And in casting kirc werkes.
And mani bischopes ordainte he,
Abowen the lawed folc to be.
And als he com a kirc to fe,
A felcouthe fair child thar faw he,
Bot noht forthi, that ilke childe
Was fa unthewed and fa wilde,
That alle the fchathe that he moht do,
He did quen he bigan to thro.
And fain Jon hafd gret pite,
That slic a child fuld dampned be.
Sayn Jon bitaht this ilke childe,
Til a bischop to mak him mild,
And faid, bischop, I comand the,
That this trefor wel yemed be;
Yem this child, for I biteche
Him to the, als til god leche;
Lat thou noht this child miscarye,
For yef he do, til the tac I.
This bischop tok this child him to,
And baptized it, and gert him do
The thing that fel til crestendom.
Bot ille felawes til him com,

And droh him first til dronkennes,
And sithen til lust of his fleys,
And sithen til thift and robberie,
And mad his maister ful farie,
For that bischop kal Ic his maister,
Til quaim fain Jon thot him to faister.
For ille felawes hafd sli maistri
To tille this yong man to foli,
That the bischop moht noht him halde,
Bot leet him gang quar he walde.
Thir theues war of him ful fain,
For til thair wille wex he ful bain.
Sa stithe and stalward man wex he,
That thai gert him thair maister be,
And lang he welc wit his felawes,
And rest lele men in wode schawes.
And fain Jon com another time,
And asked his maister efter hime,
And said, quar es mi trefore,
Thou ger him fwihte com me bifor.
This bischop stod als he war schent,
For he wist noht quat fain Jon ment.
He wend he asked filuer or gold,
Or uestement of riche fold.
And forthi til fain Jon said he,
I wat neuer quat ye ask me.

And fain Jon faid, quare es he,
That child that I bitaht to the.
Quen this bifchop his asking herd,
He gret ful fare, and thus anfuerd,
Allas, that Ic him euer fau,
For he es bycomen an outelau.
And fain Jon gret, and faid him tille,
Allas, qui yemed thou him fa ille.
Til him hauis thou ille yemer ben,
For that es on him nou wel fen.
An hors, he faid, ye fadel me,
For I wille fehe him quar he be.
And fain Jon fore thar he was,
And fand him fitand in a pas.
And quen his felawes fain Jon faw,
Til him gan thai alle drawe,
Bot thair maifter knew his face,
And fled ful fwithe out of that place.
Sa mikel fcham of him, him thoht,
That loc on fain Jon moht he noht,
Bot fled fra him ful fast runnande,
And fain Jon folued fast calland,
And faid, lef fun, I prai the,
Thou cum igain, and spec wit me.
Qui flees thou thi fader qui,
Al thi finne on me tak I.

And at the last, this outlaw stode,
And loked down wit dreri mode,
And fain Jon fel him son to fete,
And far bifer him gan he grete.
And said, son, at mi lare thou lete,
God forgifnes I the bihete,
Thi finnes tak I al on me,
And I sal prai Godd for the,
And fikerlic I her the hyte
God forgifnes of al thi plihte.
This man fel to fain Jones fete,
And far bigan he for to gret,
And said, I grant wel mi foly,
Of me fader thou haf mercye.
He foloued fain Jon to the kirc,
And hiht him al his wille to werc,
And was sa god man fra that time,
That al the folc hafd joy of hime.

Her mai ye se a tal that schewes,
That mikel schathe dos il felawes,
For il felawes oft drawes
God men til iuel plawes.
Forthi es god we draw thaim tille,
That gastyly wirkes Goddes wille,
For Crist in our godspel us schawes
Ensampel to drau to god felawes.

For our godſpel fais quar and quen,
Crist was funden imang wis men,
And noht imang fol felawes,
That tilles man til plihtful plawes.
To tel you yet haf I thoht,
Of tha thre dayes that Crist was foht,
For gladli wald I it war ſen,
Quat thir thre dayes wald men.
I tald hou Joſep and Marye
Soht Crist thre daies ythenlye.
The firſt dai that thai foht him,
Bitakes that ilke ald tim,
That was fra Adam, to that law
That Godd wald to Moyſes ſchaw,
In a felle, that than was kald
Sinay, als in boc es tald.
For patriarkes in that tim
Soht Crist, bot thai no fand noht him.
The tother dai quen Crist was foht,
Bitakens tim quen lau inbroht
Knawing of ſin, that es at fai,
Quen lau did unknowing awai.
For thoru wiſſing of Goddes law,
Biganne man ſin for to knaw :
Bifor was thar na pain laid,
On thaim that mis did, or mis faid,

Bot fon quen law til Moyfes com,
It fchewed ilke man his dom.
This tim laſted fra Moyfes
Til Criſt, that kend us rihtwiſnes.
And in this tim, was Criſt ſoht
Wit prophetis gern, bot fand thai noht.
Bot on the thrid dai was he
Funden, for nou him find we.
This tim es nou, and laſtes ay,
Fra Criſtes birth to domesday.
Quen this tim bigan, was Criſt funden
Liggand, in pouer cloutes bunden.
This thrid tim biſend iſſe
Bi that thrid dai, I wiſſe,
That Joſep and Mari mild
Fand in the tempel Criſt thair child.

Yet mai we other thinges ſe
Riht gaſtli, bi thir dayes thre,
That Criſt was ſoht, and on the thrid
Was he funden, thar he was hid.
Reuthe of hert for plihtful plai,
Es biſned bi the fiſt dai.
And bi the tother, open ſchrift,
That geres man his hert uplift.
And worthi penanz bi the thrid,
That geres man for Godd be red.

Yef we feke Jefus wit thir thre,
In his tempil him find fal we.
His tempil cal Ic heuin ryke,
That mai til tempil be mad like,
For tempil is mikel, lang, and wide,
And mikel thing man mai thar hide.
And fua fal be in heuen blis
God cristen fawles, I wiffe,
Fra Satenas, and al his miht,
That her was won with him to fiht.
In that tempil es Jefus king,
For his merci he thider us bring.

Amen.



**Dominica prima post Octavam Epiphanie,
secundum Iohannem.**

Nuptie facte sunt in Cana Galilee, et erat mater Ihesu ibi. Vocatus est Ihesus et discipuli eius ad nuptias. Et deficiente uino dicit mater Ihesu ad eum; uinum non habent. et cetera.

SAIN Jon telles us a talle
In our godspel, of a bridale
That was maked in a cyte,
That hiht Cana Galile.

And our Lefdi Mari was thare,
And Crist wit his decipeles yare
War thider cald, and als thai feet,
Wine wanted thar thai ete.

And Mari til Crist mad her mane,
And said, fun, win haf thai nane.
And Crist ansuerd and said thanne,
Quat es til me and the, wommane.
Als qua fai, qui askes thou me
Mirakel, that I toc noht of the.

Of the toc I noht bot manhed,
That mai fcheu na mirakel in dede,
For yef I fal help in this nede,
Itt bihoues com of mi goddhede,
And noht of brukel blod and bane,
That I toc of the, wommane.
Wit dett mai thou noht ask me,
Bot manhed that I toc of the.
Mi tim, he said, com noht yete,
Als qua fai, bale fal I bete
Wit mirakel, that I fal schaw,
And mikel folc fra vantrauth draw.
Bot min dedes noht forthi
Bes noht schewed fa haftili,
Quen tim cumes mi miht to schaw,
Than fal thou, and ma men it know.
And seruanz war at this bridale,
That birlled win in cupp and schal,
And Mary bad that thai fuld do
Al that Jefus said thaim to.
Sex feteles of stan war thar stanand,
Als than was cumand in the land,
And Crist bad thaim thir feteles fille
Wit water, and thai did fon his wille,
And filled thaim of water ilkan,
And Jefus blifced thaim on an,

And bad thaim dib thair cuppes alle,
And ber tille bern best in halle.
Thai did Crist comandement,
And bar the wine riht thar he ment.
This wine tasted that bern balde,
And til him the bridgom he cald,
And said, ilc man that makes feste,
Gifes first forthe the win strangest,
And fithen quen men dronken ere,
Than birles he thaim wit waikere ;
For think me ferli that thou,
Held ai thi best win til nou.
This was the first mihti dede,
Quar wit Crist schewed his godhed,
And euer fra that ilke time,
His decipeles troued in hime.
This es the strenthe of our godspelle,
Als man on Inglis tong mai telle.
 On this godspel spekis fain Bede,
 And lofes Cristes mihti dede ;
And ef Crist paied no ware
Of matirmoyne, hafed he noht thar
Cumen to schew thar his goddhede,
For god lif mai spoused men lede.
This spoufing gastele schewes us,
That hali kirc was til Jefus

Spoused als wif in our Lefdi bodi,
Of quaim Crist toc fleys us to bi.
For mannes fawel efs Cristes spoufe
That he fal bring til heuin his houle.
For herof spac God til Adame,
Quen he him made of erthe and lam,
And said, fader and moder fal man forfake,
And til his spoused wif him tac.
Sua did Crist that this werld forfoc,
And til mannes fawel him toc.
He left Josef and Mari bathe,
And deyed to les our fawel of fcathe.
Than bird our fawel lef other thing,
And luf Crist hir spous and hir king.
Hir ald fader bird hir lefe,
And on hir lemman clep and wete.
Hir ald fader cal I Adam,
That broht hir into balful blam.
Hir bird lef, yef fcho war wis,
Dedes that reft us paradis,
Als prid and unbowsomnes
And couaitis that als ill es.
Thir thre reft Adam paradis,
Als fais fain Gregori the wis,
Als nethir mar man find mai
In Lenten on the first fundai:

Thar mai man Adam dedes find,
That flemid him, and al his kind.
Hir steffader cal I the Fend,
For igain hir es he unhende ;
For bathe niht and dai he fandes
For to bring hir in til his bandes.
And ef our fawel forfac him,
That es again hir fell and grim,
Hir bihoues forfac alfua,
Hir stepmoder that dos hir wa.
Hir stepmoder es fleys liking,
That til hir stepfader wil hir bring.
This fader and this moder bathe,
Er ay about to do hir schathe.
Forthi es god that scho thaim lese,
And on hir lemman clep and wefe,
And fai, Jesus, mi fa I fle,
And til the, lemman, tac I me.
And ef scho gern opon him crye,
And luf hir lemman inwardelye,
Hir lufli lat es win gastlye,
That Jesus drinkes ful gladlye.
Bot ef scho gif of him na tale,
Than wantes wine at hir bridale,
For al hir lof and hir fuetnes,
In gasteli water turned es,

That es at fai, til werldes play,
That als water wites awai.
Bot Crist wit graz cumes her ine,
And turnes this water till wine.
For into wine Crist water turnes,
Quen sinful man for sin murnes,
For yef he haf hop of merci,
And lofes Jesus inwardlye,
Ic hop that his luf and his swetnes
God gasteli win in boc cald es.
This turning was bitakend thar,
Thar Crist turned, als I faid are,
Water into win wit his miht,
For water bifen es sin and pliht.
That was wel fen quen sain Thomas
Of Canterburi born was ;
His moder dremid that scho sawe,
Quen sain Thomas was in hir maw,
Al the mikel water of Temis
Rin in the bossem of hir kemes :
Sho tald hir drem til a god man,
And he undid it fone on an,
And faid, a child es the witin,
In quaim many il man fal sin,
For baret fal he thol and wa
Of sinful caitifes and thra :

This water flowed gastili,
Wit eft and nythe and felonny,
Quen fain Thomas fchedd his blod,
For his luf that boht him on the rod.

Ye fe hou fin and wikkenes

Bi water gasteli bifen es ;

Forthi ef water be us ine,
Our Lauerd turn it into wine.
Gasteli wyn cal I charite,
Our Lauerd lens us graz that we
Mai haf it in ur tid and time,
For this es wine that paies him.
Lat we this god wyn in us fink,
And birl we him tharof to drinc ;
For god win til Crift birl we,
Ai quil we lif in charite.
Our Lauerd len us that we mai
Drinc wit him wyn that lastes ai.

Amen.



**Dominica ii. post Octavam Epiphaniæ, secundum
Matheum.**

Cum descendisset Ihesus de monte, secute sunt eum turbe multe ; et ecce leprosus ueniens adorabat eum, dicens : Domine, si uis, potes me mundare : et extendens manum tetigit eum. et cetera.



S AYN Matheu fais in our godspelle,
 That Crist com dunward of a felle,
 And folc ful fel folued him,
 And a lazer that ilk tim,
 Com and asked Crist his hele,
 Bifor tha fern of folc fa fele.
 And Crist on him his hand he laid,
 And mildelie til him he said,
 I wil mac the of leper clene,
 And sone was na wem on him sene :
 And Crist bad him that he suld hele,
 And fai noht qua gaf him his hele,
 Bot loc, he said, that thou the schaw
 Unto the prest of Moyfes law,

And mac offerand that ber witnes
Of thin heling, als bad Moyfes.
And Crift went til Chapharnaume,
And met thar wit a mihti gume,
That maister was of knihtes fele,
And praied Crift, that he fuld hele
His fergant of parlesye.
And Crift faid, I fal cum in hie
Thi feke fergant for to hele.
And he anfuerd als man ful lele
And faid, Ic am unworthi gom,
That thou in til min hous fuld com,
Bot witt thi word thou bid him be
Al hale, and fon al hale bes he.
For Ic am man under poufte,
And Ic haf knihtes under me,
And I comand an gang, and he
Gas, and another cum to me,
And fuithe comes he me to,
And dos al that I bid him do.
Als qua fai, I trou wel that thou
Es almihty and worthi nou,
Yef thou an lepi word wil fay,
Thi word mi fergant hele maye.
 Quen this man haued faid his wille,
 And fchewed that Crift moht it fille,

Of his trouthe thoht Crist ferlie,
And faid til thaim that stod him bie,
Til you, he faid, forsothe I faye,
That Ic haf walked mani waie
Imang Jowes, bot fand I nan
Sa mikel trouthe als in this man :
Als qua fai, thoh he payen be,
He hauis mare trouth in me,
Than Jowes that me for Godd suld knau,
Als thai find writen in the lau.
Forthi schaued Crist thar, hou Jowes
That wald noht trow on his uertues,
Suld ga for thar wantrauth til pine ;
And payns that trowed him ine,
Thoru trouth of hali kirc suld wende,
Until the blis witouten ende.
And faid, mikel folc fra bi weste,
And fra bi est, fal com and rest
Wit Abraham and Yfaic,
And with Jacob, that thaim fal tac
Into thair felawschip in heuin,
Quen Satenas fal Jowes quenen
In ouer mirkenes, thar fare greting
Sal euer be, with teth gnaisting.
This es the strenthe of Cristes saw,
That our godspel today wil schaw.

Bot noht forthi Crist granted sone,
Until this comli gom his bon,
And said thi praier haf I done,
And thar the her na langer hone,
And his fergant that cumbered was
Wit parlesi, al hal he rase.
Thus endes our godspel to daie,
Als man on Ingelis telle maye.

The maister fais on this godspelle,
That for Crist com down of this felle,
This forsaide leprous was made hale,
And bliffulli bet of his bale;
Bot ef Crist hafd noht comen doune,
Hafd he noht hafd his benisoune.
And herbi wille the maister mene,
That mankind hafd noht ben mad clen
Of sin, bot Crist haued comen down
Fra heuen, to gif for man ranzoun.
For man quaim sinne mad unhale,
Hafd noht ben bette of his bale,
Bot yef Crist haued til him comen,
And his seknes opon him nomen,
And clenfed him of leper of sinne,
That alle mankind was fallen in.
For riht als leper mas bodi
Ugli, and lathe, and unherly,

Sua mas the filth of licheri,
 The fawel ful lath, gastelye,
 And the bolning of priue pride
 Es leper, that na man mai hide.
 And eft and nythe and felounye
 Mai be cald leper gastilie,
 And couaitis of fymounye,
 That was wel fen on Gyseye;
 For Gyezi and al his kind,
 Als we in boc of Kinges find,
 Was unhale thoru symonye,
 That mikel spilles nou clergie.
 For it es fin quar wit man bies
 Wit werdes catel prelacyes;
 And thing that Goddes gift fuld be,
 For werldes welthe felle we,
 Ai quen we do gastly dede
 For gift, mar than for Goddes mede;
 Als did unthriuand Giezye,
 That wex unhale thoru his gilrye.

Narratio.

The boc of Kinges telles us,
 Hou the prophet Heliseus
 Of leper heled an hethen man,
 That mihti was, and hiht Naaman,
 Bot gift of him wald he nan take,
 For him thoht it war fin and fake,

To fel the gift that Godd him gafe.
Bot he hafd an unfeli knafe,
That wald gladli katel haue,
For couaitis til fin him draue ,
For he ran efter Naaman,
Quen he was fra his maifter gan,
And faid, mi maifter sendes me
To tac fum curtaifi of the,
For frendes er cumen him to,
And fum god bihoues him thaim do.
And Naman gaf him robes tua,
And fair wan of filuer als fua,
And in his hous he hid ful rathe,
The filuer and the robes bathe.
Bot his maifter, thoru prophecy,
Wiſt al his dede and his gilrye.
And Gyezi, als noht ne ware,
Com til hiſſe maifter hous ful yare,
And his maifter asked him ſon,
Quethen comes thou, quat hauis thou don ;
And he faid, fir, I yod nouter quare.
And his maifter anſuerd him yare,
And faid, I ſaw ful wel thi thift,
Of Naaman hauis thou tan gift,
Forthi that Godd Naaman helid
Toc thou gift, and ſithen it helid,

Forthi thou, and thi fones ilk ane,
Sal be mis hale als was Naamane.
And riht als Helyseus hiht,
Sua fel him for his awen pliht ;
For Giezi, and his offspring,
Was unhale for this mistaking.
Toru this refoun es symonye
Cald leper in hali boc gaitlye,
And this leper, and other ma
Com Crist in our fawel to fla.
Mankind of Adam leper haued fmitte,
Ai til Crist com and heled it,
Riht als he held bodilye,
This forsaide unhal man in hye,
Quen he com dounward of the felle,
Als this dai telles our godspelle.
Sua helid he gaitli mankinne
That was unhal wit filth of finne,
Quen he com doun fra heuen hey,
To hele man, and for him dey.

Bot quen Crist com doun of this felle,
Als to dai telles our godspelle,
Folc loued him, als I faid, ful fele ;
Bot sum loued him for fawel hele,
Sum his mirakel for to fe,
And sum for luf and charite ;

And he that loues in rihtwifnes,
Cristes foluer gastlic he es ;
Bot foles fele loues the Fend,
Quen thai fra fin to fin wende,
Fra glotonie to licherie,
Fra couaitis to tricherie,
This es the Fende wai, that ledes
Til Satenafes brinnand gledes.
Bot he that liues in charite,
Crist himseluen folues he ;
And yef we folu Jesu Crist,
He ledes us til his biwift,
Thar we fal lif in gamen and plai,
Wit ouden ten, wit ouden trai.
Our Lauerd Jesu Crist us spede
To do penanz, and thider us lede.

Amen.



**Dominica iii. post Octavam Epiphanie, secundum
Matheum.**

Ascendente Ihesu in nabiculam secuti sunt eum discipuli
eius; et ecce motus magnus factus est in mari ita ut nabicula
operiretur fluctibus. et cetera.

SAIN Matheu the wangeliste
Telles us todai, hou Crist
Schipped into the se a time,
And his decipelis al wit him.
And quen thair schip com on dep,
Jesu seluen fel on slep,
And gret tempest bigan to rise,
That gert the schipmen far grise.
Thai wakned Crist, and said yare,
Help us Lauerd, for we sofare.
And Crist, als mihti Godd, ansuerd
And said, foles qui er ye fered;
Als qua fai, Godd es in this schip
That mai wel saue this felaufchip.

And Crist comanded wind and fe
To lethe, and fair weder be.
And fa fair weder was in hie,
That al his felaues thoht ferlie,
And faid, quatkin man mai this be,
Til him bues bathe winde and fe.
This es the strenthe of our godspelle
Als man on Ingelis tong mai telle.

Al hali kirc, als thinc me,
Mai bi this schippe takened be,
That Crist rad in and his felawes,
Imang dintes of gret quawes.
For schip fletes on the flode,
And hali kirc wit costes gode,
Fletes abouen this werldes fe,
Flouand wit fin and caitifte;
God creften men er hali kirc,
That Goddes wil wille gladli werc.
This schip ful gret wawes kepes,
And Crist tharin gasteli slepes,
Quen he tholes god men and lele,
Wit wic men and fals dele,
That betes thaim wit dede and word
Als fe bare betes on schip bord.
For wit enfampel, mai we fe
That al this werld es bot a fe,

That bremlī bares on banc wit bale,
And gret fiſches etes the ſmale.
For riche men of this werd etes,
That pouer wit thair trauail getes.
For wit pouer men fares the king,
Riht als the quale fars wit the elringe,
And riht als ſturioun etes merling,
And lobbekeling etes ſperling,
Sua ſtroies mare men the leſſe,
Wit wa and werldes wrangwiſnes,
And ſchathe that leſſe tholes of mare
Smites als ſtorm of ſe ful fare.
And forthi that Criſt tholes this,
Ite ſembeles that he ſlepad is ;
Bot thai that thol thir ſtrange ſtowres,
Thai waken Criſt and aſkes focoures
Wit oriſoun, that es prayer,
That wakenes Criſt, and gers him her
Al thair wandreth and thair wrake,
And wit his miht he geres it flake.
For rihtwis criſten man praier
Es til Jeſus fa lef and dere,
That quat fa euer we aſk tharin,
And we be out of dedeli ſin,
Our Lauerd granntes it us ſon,
Yeſ ſawel hel be in our bon.

For yef we prai God that he
Grant that igain our fawel be,
Us au to thinc na ferlye
Thoh Godd it warnes ouertlye.
For bi enfampel mai we se
That praier mai unschilful be ;
Als ef thou prai Godd that he
Apon thi fais venge the,
Thi praier es igain his wille,
Forthi wil he it noht fulfille ;
Or yef thou prai efter catele,
That es igain thi fawel hele ;
Or efter werdes menſc and miht,
That geres foles fal in pliht ;
Or ef thou praye him that he leche
Thi fandinges, and thi wandrethe,
That dos in to the fawel gode,
Yef thou it thol wit milde mode ;
Wit refoun mai thou Godd noht wite,
Yef he the filc askinges nite,
For yef he graunt the thi ſchathe,
Thou war noht lef til him, bot lathe.
Forthi es godd that we him praye
Thing that our fawel hele mai ;
For ar we bigin our prayer,
Wat he quarof we haf miſter.

Bot for our godſpel ſpekes of ſe,
 Quarbi this werld mai biſend be,
 Forthi wil I ſchaw other thinges,
 That er apert biſeninges,
 Bituixe this wlanc werld and ſe,
 This werldes welth to do fle.
 Bi ſalte water of the ſe,
 Ful gratheli mai biſend be
 This werldes welth, auht, and catel,
 That werdes men luſes ful wel,
 For ſalte water geres men threſt,
 And werdes catel geres men breſt.
 The mar thou drinkes of the ſe,
 The mare and mar threſtes ye;
 And ai the richer that man eſſe,
 The mar him langes efter riches.
 And in ſe dronkenes folc ful ſele,
 And ſua dos in werdes catele;
 For water drunkenes the bodie,
 And catel the ſawel gaſtelie;
 For catel drawes man til helle,
 Thar wattri wormes er ful felle,
 And of thir wormes wil I telle
 A tal, yef ye wil her mi ſpelle.

Parvacio.

An hali man biyond ſe,
 Was biſchop of a gret cite;

God man he was, and Pers he hiht,
And thar bifyd woned a kniht,
That thoru kind was bond and thralle,
Bot knihthed gat he wit catelle.
This catel gat he wit okering,
And led al his lif in corfing,
For he haunted bathe dai and niht
His okering, fine he was kniht,
Als fast as he did bifore,
And tharwit gat he gret trefore.
Bot Crist that boht us der wit pine,
Wald noht this mannes sawel tine,
Bot gaf him graz himself to know,
And his fin to the bischop schaw.
Quen he him schraf at this bischop,
This bischop bad him haf god hop,
And asked him, yef he walde tac
Riht penanz, for his sinful fac.
Ful gladli wil I tac, he said,
The penanz that bes on me laid;
And the bischop said, thou sal mete
A beggar gangand by the strete,
And quat als euer he askes the,
Gif him, this sal thi penanz be.
And ful wel paid was this kniht,
For him thoht his penanz ful liht.

And als he for hamward, he mette
A beggar that him cumly grette,
And said, lef fir, par charite,
Wit sum almous thou help me.
This kniht asked quat he wald haf ;
Lauerd, he said, sum quet I craue.
Hou mikel, he said, alkes thou me ;
A quarter lauerd, par charite.
This kniht granted him his bone,
And gert met him his corn fone.
This pouer man was will of wan,
For poc no sek no hauid he nan,
Quarin he moht this quete do ;
And forthi this kniht said him to,
This quete, I rede thou felle me,
For ful pouer me thinc the.
The pouer said, layth thinc me
To felle Goddes charite,
Bot len me sum fetel tharto,
Quarin I mai thin almous do.
And he answered and said, nai,
For al that this beggar moht fai,
And said, this thou felle me,
For fetil wil I nan len the.
The beggar moht na better do,
Bot said this corn igain him to,

And toc thar for fif schilling,
And went him forthe on his begging.

Quen this corn to the kniht was fald,

He did it in an arc to hald,

And opened this arc the thrid daye,

And fand tharin, felcouthe to faye,

Snakes and nederes thar he fand,

And gret blac tades gangand,

And arfkes and other wormes felle,

That I kan noht on Inglis telle.

Thai lep upward til his visage,

And gert him almaft fal in rage.

Sa was he for thir wormes ferde,

Bot noht forthi that arc he fperide,

And to the bischope in a ras

He ran, and tald him his cas.

The bischop fau that Godd wald tak

Of this man fin wrethful wrac.

And faid, yef thou wil folfille

Wit worthi penanz, Goddes wille,

And clens wit penanz riht worthi,

Al thi finnes and thi foli,

I red that thou self the falle

Nakid, imang tha wormes alle,

No gif thou of the self na tale,

Bot bring thi fawel out of bale.

Thoh tha wormes thi caroin gnawe,
Thi pynes lastes bot a thrawe ;
And than sal thi sawel wende
To lif of blis, witouten ende.
This okerer was felli radde,
To do that this bischop him badde,
Bot of mercy haft he god hop,
And gern he prayd the bischop,
And said, lef fader, I prai the,
That thou prai inwardli for me,
That God gif me his graz to fang
One my bodi, this penanz strang.
The bischop hiht this man lelye,
To prai for him riht inwardlye.
This man went ham thoh he war rad,
And did als his bischop him badde ;
For imang al thir wormes snelle,
Als nakid als he was born he felle.
Thir wormes ete that wrethe manne,
And left nathing of him bot ban.
The bischop went in to that toun,
Wit clerkes in processsioun,
And come into this knihtes wanes,
And soht ful gern his hali banes ;
And til this forsaide arc he yod,
And opened it wit joiful mod,

And riped imang tha wormes lathe,
Bot nan of thaim moht do him fchathe,
And forthe he gan tha banes draw,
And thai war als quite als fnaw.
Quen al tha banes out tan ware,
Tha wormes gert he brin ful yare,
And bar thir bannes menfkelye,
And fertered thaim at a nunrye;
Thar Godd fchewes mirakelle and miht,
And gifes blind men thar fiht,
And croked men thar geres he ga,
And leches feke men of wa,
And fchewes wel wit fair ferlikes,
That thas banes er god relikes.

 This tal haf I nou tald here,
 To ger you fe on quat maner,
That the mar catel that man haues,
The mar and mare his hert craues;
And namlic thir okerers,
That er curfed for thair aferes;
Bot yef thai her thair lif amend,
Thai wend til wormes witouten end,
That fal thaim reuli rif and rend
In helle pine witouten end.
That wist this bifchop witerlye,
And forthi did he quaintelye,

Quen he gert wormes ete this man,
To yem his fawel fra Satan.
For wormes fuld his fawel haf rended,
Quar fa euer it fuld haf lended,
Yef he no hauid wel ben ſcriuen,
And his caroin til wormes giuen.
Bot for his fleis was pined here,
His fawel es now til Godd ful dere,
Thar it wones in plai and gamen,
Godd bring us thider alle famen.

Amen.



**Dominica iiii. post Octavam Epiphantie, secundum
Matheum.**

Dirit Iesus discipulis suis ; Simile est regnum celorum
homini qui seminavit bonum semen in agro suo . Cum autem
dormirent homines, uenit inimicus eius et super seminavit. et
cetera.

TIL his decipeles said Iesus,
Als Sain Matheu her telles us,
Heuen es lic til an husband,
That feu god fed apon his land,
And quen al folc on slep ware,
Than com his fa, and feu riht thare
Darnel, that es an iuel wede,
Riht al imang this hosband fede :
And quen this fede quarof I mene,
Was hey abouen the erthe sene,
Than was thar darnel sen imang,
That thoht this hosband hine ful strang.
Thir hyne said til this hosband,
Seu thou noht god fed on thi land,

Quethen com darnel that es fen
Imang thi corn nou albiden.
This hosband anfuerd thaim sone
And said, mi fa this ded haues done.
Thai asked him yef he wald thaye
Suld draw it op and do it awaye.
And he anfuerd and said naye,
For suagat spil mi corn ye maye,
Yef ye draw up the darnel smalle,
Ye mai draw up the corn witalle,
Bot lates it til heruest stande,
And I fal say til men scherande,
Gaderes the darnel first in bande,
And brennes it opon the land,
And scheres sithen the corn rathe,
And bringes it unto my lathe.
This es the strenthe of our godspelle,
Als man on Ingelis tung mai telle.

We mai wel gastli understande,
Godd almihti bi this hosbande,
For Godd schawes in mennes hertes
His graz, that thaim til godnes ertes;
For Goddes graz es gastly fede,
That beres froyt of rihtwis dede,
And other fede our Lauerd sawes,
That creften men til god lif drawes,

Quen he fendes his meffageres,
That es at fai, thir farmouneres,
That clenfes man of gaffli wede,
And schawes in him Goddes fede;
For quen thai snib us of misdedes,
Than clenfes thai us of gaffli wedes;
And quen thai fcheu us heuenes mede,
Than fau thai in us Goddes fede.
This es the fede that gaffli springes,
And froyt of god werkes forthe bringes;
For it bringes forth charite,
And boufomnes, and chafteite,
And riht penanz, wit almous dedes,
That into the blis of heuen ledes.
Bot Satenas es Cristes fa,
And waites ay to do us wa.
He fawes imang Goddes fede
In mannes hert darnel and wede,
That geres men oft and mani fithe,
In dedes wic coftes kithe,
For fede of darnel geres men wed,
And fwa dos that unfeli wede,
That Satan faues in our hertes,
For us to wekkednes it ertes;
Of this waful fede springes wrethe,
And prid, and nithe, and brother lethe,

And couaitys, and tricherie,
And glotounye, and licherye.

Narratio. And of this fede that Satan sawes,
A god tal fain Jerom us schawes,
Of an ermyt, an hali man,
That woned in wasti bi him an ;
And als he in his celle fate,
He saw a fend ga bi the gate,
And boystes on himsele he bare,
And ampolies, als leche ware :
And thar bifide was an abbaye,
And thiderward he toc the waye.
That hali man that saw this fende,
Asked him quider he wald wende.
Til yon abbaye, he said, I gang,
For thethen haf I ben to lang.
And this ermyt thoht gret ferlye
Of thir boystes, and asked qui
He bar on him tha boystes alle.
With thaim, he said, housel I falle
Al the brother of yon abbaye,
For wit thaim wille I fand to playe,
And qua fa a medicin forsake,
Another fal I ger him take ;
Yef he wil noht of glotounye,
I fal him housel wit enuye,

Or with sum other fpecerye,
Of prid and nith and felonnye,
Or wit sum other lufi drinc,
That may ger him of fin thinc.
This ermet leet that fend ga,
And bad him com igain riht fwa,
And prayed Godd help in that nede,
And lett that fend in al his dede.
This fend in til that abbay yede,
And faand yef he moht oht fpede.
Quen he haued don al that he moht,
And fau that his dede litel doht,
And com igain bi this ermite,
Wit waful cher and foru and fite,
This ermit asked him fol fon,
Hou hauis thou fped, hou hauis thou don.
And he faid, Ic haf fped ful ille,
For nan of thaim wille do mi wille,
[Thar] wald nan of thaim mi lare lifte,
Bot an that hatte Teocift,
For I find him redi to do
Mi wil, ay quen I com him to.
 Quen this was faid, he went away,
 And this ermit yod to the abbay.
The monkes com al him igaine,
For of his com thai was ful fayne.

He asked efter Teocift,
And thai kend him til his biwift ;
For ilkan woned in fere celle,
Als it than til thair order felle.
Wit Teocift this ermit mette,
And aither other comly grette.
This ermyt asked yef he war oht
Fanded wit fleis liking in thoht,
And he anfuered and said, naye,
For him thoht lathe the soth to faye.
And this ermyt anfuerd him thanne,
And said, Ic am a wel ald mane,
And thohquethir noht a day til ende,
Mai I mi fleis fra fanding fende ;
Hou may thou than be in thi youthe
Wit fleyfly fanding fa uncouth.
Thufgat spac this ermyt him tille,
To ger him schaw his thohtes ille ;
And Teocift asked mercye,
And said, lef fader fua am I
Sua hard fandede witt licherye,
That my fleys may I noht chafty.
This ermyt kend him than hou he
Suld ftithe igain Satanas be ;
And quen this monc was broht in fteate,
This ermyt toc hamward the gate,

And son tharefter eft he fawe
The Fend tilward that abbay draw ;
And fone efter com he igain,
And this ermyt bigan to frain
At Satenas, hou he hafd fpedde,
And he anfuered als he war medde,
And faid, alas and wailewaye
That euer I com at yon abbaye,
For in na chaffar may I winne,
Of tha lurdanes that won tharinne,
For likes nan of thaim my play,
Bot alle thar kache me away.
In thaim part may I haf nan,
For al the craftes that I kan,
For Teocift that me was left,
Es nou ful fchamli fra me reft ;
To me was he won to be bain,
Nou es he ftitheft me igain,
Forthi I fe that me no chare,
Til ward yon abbay founde mare.

 This ermit lofad Godde almihtye,
 That mad the Fendes craft emptye.

This tal ful openly us fchawes
Quat fed of helle the Fend fawes.
Pray we forthi that Godd us reede,
And child us fra the Fendes feede,

That he no haf miht us to tele
With gastsly dranc and wit darnele.
For fed that Satan in man sawes,
Thair fleys til lust and liking drawes.
Our Lauerd schild us fra that fede,
And len us fa our lif to lede,
That we may gastsly froyt forthe bring,
On domefday bifor our king,
That wic men fra god fal schille,
And cal the god men him tille,
And fend the wik to tac thair hire,
For thair froit tille helle fire ;
Bot god men fal Crist than lede,
Til hefenes blis to tak thar mede.
Our Lauerd Jefus thider us bring,
Amen, amen, we alle fing.

Amen.



In Purificationem Beate Marie, secundum Lucam.

Postquam impleti sunt dies purgacionis Marie secundum legem Moysy, tulerunt illum in Jerusalem, ut sisterent eum Domino, sicut scriptum est in lege Domini : Quia omne masculinum adaperiens wuluam, sanctum Domino. et cetera.

IN hali boc find we
That this dai hafes names thre ;
The first es cald Maries clensing,
The tother es cald Cristes meeting,
The thrid es cald Candelmesse day,
Als lawed folc it calles ay.

Candel that we to kirc bring
Bitakenes Jesu Crist our king ;
For Crist was offered als to daye,
Als I you sal nou son faye.
And riht als ilke man mai fe
In brinnand candel thinges thre,
That es at fay, wax, wec, and liht,
Sua es in Crist goddhed and miht,

And tharto fawel and bodie,
That er bifened apertelye
Bi candel, quar in we mai fe
Wax, wec, liht, that er thinges thre.
For riht als candel haues liht,
Sua haued Crist in him Goddes miht;
For liht bitakenis his goddhede,
Als we ful oft in bokes rede;
Rob wec that in wax loken effe,
Cristes fawel bitaken effe,
That was loken and hidde in fleys,
For fleys es brokel als wax, and neys.
We ber to dai thoru this refoun,
Our candel in proceffioune,
And bi this refoun es wel sene
That this nam Candelmes wil mene.

The other nam als ar faid I,
Es cald clenfing of our Lefdye,
And thohquethir hafd fcho na mifter
To be clenfed on flic maner,
Bot for fcho wald forfille the lawe,
And mekenes in hir dedes fchawe,
Forthi com fcho this dai to do
For hir clenfing that felle tharto.
For it was comanded in the law
That wif fra kirc hir fold witdraw,

The faurty dayes al bidene,
Sua lang was scho halden unclen,
Efter that scho deliuered ware
Of knaf child, and thanne ful yare
Quen faurty dawes wer broht til ende,
Than fold scho to the tempel wende
Wit hir child, and hir hosbande,
To mak thar for this child offerande ;
And yef thaie riht riche men ware,
Thai fuld offer a lamb riht thare,
Yef thai war pouer, than fuld thay
Offer opon this clenfing day
Tua turteles, or tua douf briddes,
Als Godd in Moyfes law biddes ;
And for Crist com noht for to spille
The alde lawe, bot it fulfille,
Forthi com his moder to day,
To do that fel to Jowes lay,
And thoru resoun of this thing,
Es this dai cald Maryes clenfing.

Nou haf we herd quar for and qui

This fest hatte clenfing of Mary.

The first nam es Candelmesse,
The tother Maryes clenfing esse,
The thred Cristes meting es cald,
Als our godspel to dai us tald.

It fais hou Crist als this [day] mette
Wit tua men, that him comly grette,
The tan was man, the tother wif,
Bot bathe thai ledde ful hali lif :
For he was preft in Jowes laye,
And fcho lele widow many daye ;
And Simeon hiht the carmanne,
And the womman was cald dam Anne,
Scho wift thoru gaff of prophecy,
That Godd fuld fend his fon in hye,
Mankind nede for to do,
And Cristes com lang habad fcho ;
And als to day mett fcho wit Crist,
And fpac of him thing that fcho wift,
Hou he fuld man on rod bye,
For fcho wift that thoru prophecy.
And Symeon the preft alfua,
Toc Jefus in his armis tua,
And faid, Lauerd, nou mai I deye,
For I fe the wit fleyfly eye ;
I fe that I ber in my hande
Goddess awen fon and his fand,
That ftithe igain the Fend fal fand,
And les mankind out of his band.
Sain Symeon flic wordes faid,
uen Crist was in his armes layd,

For wel lang thar bifor he wist,
That him bihoued fe Jefu Crift;
The hali gaft haued warned him
That he fuld dey noht ar that tim,
That he hauid wit his eyen fen
This blized barn of quaim I men.
Forthi he faid, quen I him feye,
Lauerd in pes nou mai I dey,
For thou haues don that thou me hiht,
And fchued the felf to mi fiht,
I fe that thou mankind haues tan,
And for mankind bicomem man.

Nou fe ye that thoru refoun
That Crift mett witt fain Symeoun,
And withe dam Anne of quaim I tald,
This dai es Cristes meting cald;
For in the tempel bathe mett thaye,
With Crift and Marye als this daye.

Nou hop I that ye al fe
Hou this feft hauis names thre.
The firft nam es Candelmefse,
The tother Maryes clenfing effe,
The thred nam als Ic haf talde,
Es Cristes meting gratheli cald,
In tempele firft offered was he,
And fithen on the rod tre,

And ilke day in prestes hand,
May we se Crist be mad offerand.
Thus was Crist offered for our hele,
Forthi bird us be til him lele,
Of us self bird us offerand mak,
Quen we for his luf fast and wak,
For than pin we our bodye,
With torfir and with martyrye.
We offer us seluen til Jesus,
That offered him seluen for us ;
For offered for us al was he,
Quen he for us deyed on tre.

Yet wil I you on Englis faye,

Quat was offered for Crist to daye.

We find that Josef and Marye
War bathe pouer, and forthie
Offered thai for Crist Mari son
Slic thing als pouer men war won.
Tua turteles, als I haf you tald,
Or tua douf briddes yef thai wald ;
And I wil tel you forthie,
Quat thir foules menes gastelye,
In thir tua fules may we se
Bathe milder.es and charite ;
For douf a ful mec fuel es,
And bitakenes riht mildenes,

And bi the turtel douf may we
Ful riht understand charite ;
For yef the turtel tin hir mak,
Neuer mar wil ſcho other thac ;
Forthi bi hir mai byſend be
Riht clen lif and charite.

Fand we forthi ſua for to lif,
That we mai Godd god offerand gif,
Of chaſtite and mildnes,
That in thir foules biſend es.
We offer turtel douf gaſtlye,
Quen [we] feyht igain licherye,
And quen we hald our hert fra wreth,
And haſtiwes, and brother wreth,
And loues our brether inwardlye,
We offer doufes gaſtlye.

We may als by thir fouls tuinne,
Underſtand ſorue for our finne ;
For bathe thir foules haues crowding
Inſted of fang, and ſtille murning,
And bitakenes that ſinful man,
That ſchilwifnes and inſyt can,
Suld of thir fules biſenes take,
To murne for his ſin and ſake.
For better es that man her murne,
Than for his ſin til helle turne.

Nou understand ye I wene
Quat the fest of to daye wil mene.
Narracio. A tal of this fest haf I herd,
Hougat it of a widou ferd,
That lufd our Lefdi fa welle,
That scho gert mac hir a chapele ;
And ilke day deuotely,
Herd scho messe of our Lefdye.
Fel auntour that hir prest was gan
His erand, and messe haued scho nan,
And com this Candelmesse feste,
And scho wald haf als wif honeste
Hir messe, and for scho moht get nan,
Scho was a ful forful womman.
In hir chapele scho mad prayer,
And fel on slep bifor the auter,
And als scho lay on slep, hir thoht
That scho in til a kyrc was broht,
And saw com gret compaynye
Of fair maidenenes wit a lefedye,
And al thai sette on raw ful rathe,
And ald men and yong bathe
Com efter thaim. and sette thaim bye,
And a clerc broht cerages in heye,
And euerilkan gaf he an,
And an toc this slepand womman ;

An tua clerkes ſcho ſaw comande
In ſurplices wit ferges berande,
And efter thaim reueſted rathe,
Com fuddeken and deken bathe,
And Criſt him ſeluen com thar neſt,
Reueſted als a meſſe preſt.
Thai yod til auter gainli graythede,
And priue prayer thair thai ſayde,
And clerkes ſon bigan the meſſe,
Als coſtom in hali kirk eſſe ;
And quen thai com til thair offerande,
This leuedy yed with ferge in hande,
And ofered firſt als comly quene,
And efter hir other bidene.
This wif fatte ay ſtille, als hir thoht,
For offer hir candel wald ſcho noht.
The preſt abade bifer the auter,
Bot ſcho no wald noht cum him ner.
And word til hir fend our Leuedy,
And ſaid that ſcho did vilanye
To ger the preſt bide hir ſa lang,
And bad ſcho fuld riſ and gang,
And offer hir ferge als other had don.
And ſcho anſuerd and ſaid ſon,
Wel moht the preſt his meſſe forthe ſing,
My candel wil I noht him bring,

In Purif. Beate Marie.

Bot ga and fay til my Lefdye,
That Godd hauis fend me, hald wil I.
And igain yod this meffager,
And tald his Leuedy hir answer.
His Leuedi bad him fuithe ga,
And tac the ferge with fteece hir fra,
Yef fcho wald noht with god it yeld.
Bot quen he com, faft fcho it held,
For al that he moht prai and fay,
Feitheli fcho hir candel held aye,
And he raht til hir at the lafte
And droh the ferge, and fcho held faft.
This candel brac bituix thaim tua,
And fcho ftec of hir flep riht fua,
And fand a tronchoun redy broken,
And faft in bathe hir hendes loken.
Hir thoht thar of ful gret ferlye,
And thanked Godd and our Lefdye,
That wald fuilc priuete hir fchawe,
And ger men it with taken knaw.
For graithe takingen was that tronchoun,
Of hir ferlic avifion.
This tronchoun for relic fcho held
Al hir lif, with worfchip and beld,
And it dos yet, als find we tald,
Ful fair mirakeles mani fald.

Bi this schort tal, als thinc me,
Mai we our Lefdyes confort se,
That wald profe this wifes wille,
And hir langing wit joy fulfille,
And noht allan in heuen rike,
Bot her in erthe with fair ferlic ;
For fair ferlic was this tronchoun,
That scho gatte wit deuotyoun.
Yet wil we spec of our Lefdye,
That bar that barn of hir bodye,
That was offered als him seluen wald
On thrinne wis, als Ic haf tald.
Of his offering to day spec we,
For als to day offered was he
In tempel, and sithen on rode,
Thar he for our sak sched his blode ;
And on the thred wise es he
Offered at messe, als we mai se.
Forthi me thinc that god it es,
To spek sum thing of hir godnes,
That bar of hir bodi that brith,
That broht mankind til menfk and mirht.
Mary mild and maiden clene,
Es Goddes moder of quaim I mene,
And bathe of heuen and erthe quen,
And helpes finful men biden ;

Bot namlic helpes fcho tha,
 That turnes noht thair lof hir fra,
 Bot menkes hir on al thair wisse
 And er fyfel in hir feruyfe.
 Bot fcho es moder of mercye,
 And til finful men ay redye.
 Scho fayles neuer mar in nede,
 That mai we se bi many dede
 That fcho dos oft for finful man,
 That haues igain hir son mistan.
 For do man neuer fa gret finne,
 And he haf wil his sinne to blin,
 And ask hir help riht inwardlye,
 He may be fiker of mercye.
 That mai ye se bi a lefdy,
 That was abbes of a nunrye;

Narracio.

Bot als fcho for apon a day
 About nedes of hir abbay,
 In cloutes bi the gate fcho fand
 A yong mayden child fuelande.
 Scho haued pyte of this funding,
 And gert it til hir nunry bring,
 And gert it be ful gaynli gette,
 And fithen til boc fcho it sett,
 And mad hir nunne in that nunrye,
 And lufed hir ful inwardlye;

For scho lufed als god womman
Hir dohteris gastely euerilkan,
And fa wel order lufed scho,
That na misse moht hir dohteris do,
That scho no chaftid thaim in hye,
And gert thaim les thair folie.
And god wimmen lufed hir forthie,
And soles hated hir dedelye.
And at hir haued the Fend envoye,
And fanded hir ful ithenlye,
Bot niht and day he was byfye
To kindel lust in hir bodye,
And at the last in licherye
He gert hir fal ful wrethelye,
For hir spense knew hir fleysleye,
And hir wamb wex gret in hye,
Bot fair scho bar hir noht forthye,
Als wimmen can that dos folye.
Scho umthoht hir niht and daye,
Quaim scho moht best hir confayl fay ;
And hir thoht wele that best moht scho
Hir dern dede til hir undo,
Quaim scho hafd [fra] funding fedde,
And fair in nunne wede [hyr] cledde ;
For scho was halden til hir mast,
To be til hir lele and stedefast.

Scho tald this nunne ful priuelye,
And said til hir, dohter mercye,
Ic haf a derne priuete,
To schew bytuixe me and the,
Bot dede war me leuer to be,
Than thou of my dede melded me,
For yef thou thar of me melde,
Ic haf tinte werdes menſc and belde.

 This nune anfuerd and said, leuedye,
 For al this werld gold wald I
Do thing that war igaines the ;
Forthi, lefedy, thou telle me
Wit outen dout thi priuete,
For than mai thou prof my leute ;
Schew baldely thi wil to me,
For fiker mai thou of me be.

 This abbes trowed wele hir fawe,
 And hir sinne scho gan hir schaw,
And said, lef dohter, me es wa,
For gret with child riht now I ga.
This nunne anfuerd and said, lefdye,
Be thou for this thing noht farye,
For wel I fal thi confayl hele,
And do wit the als dohter lele,
For quen the childe es born, fal I
Do it of daw fa priuely,

That na wiht fal the fqueling here,
And delf it fithen in our herbere.
 This abbes trowed hir ful wele,
 And wend that fcho war treu als ftele.
Bot qua fa lefes fra hinging
Thef, or bringes up funding,
Of nauther getes he menfc ne mede,
No focour quen he hauis nede.
For that was fen ful openlye
In this funding, that hir leuedye
Wreyed til the bifchop fone,
And tald him al quat fcho hauid don.
And qua was wrathe bot that bifchop,
For of this abbes haued he hop,
That fcho haued ben a god womman,
And forthoht that fcho hauid miftan.
Hir dohteres herd of hir folye,
And fum war gladd and fum farye;
For fole wimmen war ful fain
That thai haued chesoun hir igain,
And wit thair letteres prayed thaye,
[That the byfchop fuld fette a daye
To proue thair abbas of hyr play,
That fcho myght noght agayn fay.
The day was fette, the tyme come neght
That this abbas fuld paynes dreght,

And be delyuer of hir chylde,
Scho made hyr mane to Mary myld.
That nyght in hyr schapelle scho woke,
That wyfes fuld on the morne hyr loke;
For the byfchoppe agaynes the morne
Somonde the wyfes hym beforene,
That him fuld all the soth fay,
Wehedyr this abbas war wyfe ore may;
And forthi was this abbas ferde,
When scho this sorowfull tydans herd.
Scho gret full far on owre Lady,
And asked hyr helpe and mercy.
When scho was wery of hyr prayer,
Scho fell on flepe before the auter,
And to hyr come sonne our Lady,
And snybed hyr sonne of hyr foly,
And on hyr wambe scho layd hyr hande,
And this abbas was all flepand
Delyuer of a fayr knawe chylde,
That sonne was gude man and mylde.
Our Lady tuk this chylde all warme,
And layd it in a aungell arm,
And bad hym ber this chyld ryght tyte
Opon hyr halfe to a armyte,
That woned fra thine myles feuen,
And the chylde name gan scho neuen,

And fayd, byd hym the childe baptize,
And bryng it up as gud nurys.
When this was fayd, fcho wyte away,
And this abbas woke thar to day,
And on hyr bar kneys fcho hyr fette,
And fwetly our Lady fcho grete ;
And fayd, Lady, I thanke it the,
Fore well has thou delyuered me.
And in that chapell all that nyght
Scho loued our Lady to day lyght.
The byfchoppe come wit his clergy
Opon the morne to that nunry,
To gyfe ryght lawfull jugement
Of this abbas that was fa fchent ;
Bot he gart wyfes noght forethi,
Luke aldyr fryfte hyr body,
And gart them fwer that thai fult fay
Whethyr thai fand hyr wyfe or may ;
And when thai had hyr body fenne,
Scho femed than mayden clene,
And than the byfchoppe was ful tene
To thas nonnes all bydene,
On that nune that talde hym this tale,
And bad fcho fulde be brynde in bale,
Als wyked womane that wykedy
Had lyed fa opon hyr lauedy.

This abbas had of hyr grete pyte,
 That scho for hyr fuld dampned be,
 And talde the byfchoppe full pryuely
 The sothe, all how that our Lauedy
 Deluyerd hyr and made hyr qwyte,
 And sent hyr sonne to a ermyte,
 To nurrysch it, and to sette it to lar.
 The byfchoppe fwethly ryght thar
 Affoyld hyre, and then loued mar,
 And euer he thanked Mary,
 That unto fynfull es ay redy.
 To this ermyte he sent hys fande,
 And thar hyr chylde in credyll fande;
 And when it was of feuen zere,
 The bischope made it gude scholere;
 And when this byfchoppe was dede,
 This clerke was bischoppe in hys stede.

Be this tale may we gastely fe,
 That no man in dyspayr thar be,
 That na fynfull schamed thar be,
 Haue thai done neuer swilke foly,
 If they wyll call on oure Lauedy.
 Forethi if we in synne fall,
 I rede that opone hyr we call,
 That scho purchayffe gras us sone to ryfe,
 And fythen to duelle in hyr feruyffe,

Ewyr mar to our lyues ende,
And fyker may we be to wende,
Unto that court thare scho es qwene,
Thider scho bryng us all bydenne.]

Amen.





NOTES.

[*Cott. MS.*, Cottonian MS., Vesp. A. III.; *C. MS.*, Cambridge MS., G. 9 V. 31; *Afb. MS.*, Ashmolean MS., No. 42; *AS.*, Anglo-Saxon; *AN.*, Anglo-Norman; *Dan.*, Danish; *N.* or *ON.*, Norse, or Old Norse; *Pl. D.*, Plat-Dutch; *Scot.*, Old Scottish.]

Page xii., line 17, *mel*—mingle; line 19, *dunt*—the Cott. MS. reads *dump*; line 20, *bal*—fire.

Page xiii., line 18, *welk*—pr. of walk, AS. *weallian*—to go; line 19, *strete*, a road; line 20, *wonmifur*—the Cott. MS. reads *unmessur*, infatigable; line 35, *Tuine*—to separate; line 38, *were*—doubt, uncertainty.

Page xiv., line 16, *for mikel haf to mot*—for I have much to say; line 17, *bot that in hertis wo hord es rest*—the Cott. MS. reads, *bot that in hir hord es fest*; line 18, *nedwais*—of necessity; line 19, *bal*—evil; line 37, *suink*—labour; line 33, *tore*—the Cott. MS. reads *ture*.

Page xv., line 19, *toh*—the Cott. MS. reads *togh*; line 21, *louing*—praising; line 22, *bet*—to help, or make better; line 27, *nik wit nai*—to deny; line 32, *Quen I ma mining of that mild*—when I make mention of that gentle one.

Page xvi., line 7, *bird*—a maiden, a term of endearment; line 25,

onan—anon ; line 29, *yar*—readily, AS. *gearo* ; line 34, *heuin*—avenged, Dan. *hevne*, ON. *hefna* ; line 36, *forthobht*—foresaw, or suspected ; line 37, *schonid* ; the Cott. MS. reads *scund him* ; line 39, *fauders*—soldiers.

Page xvii., line 3, *sand*—person sent, messenger ; line 8, *Elis*—the Cott. MS. reads *Elfis* ; line 9, *selcutheli bend*—uncommonly courteous ; line 11, *mer*—mistake, blunder ; line 15, *Als man was led*—the Cott. MS. reads, *A lerd man o mikel lare* ; line 18, *to giftes bede*—to offer as gifts ; line 19, *mijster*—AN. need ; line 22, *spir*—inquire ; line 25, *bir*—breeze ; line 31, *fer kin*—various kinds, *fer* or *feer*, various, different ; line 35, *oft*—hoft.

Page xviii., line 8, *bef*—struck ; line 11, *rethenes*—AS. fierceness ; line 12, *rewthe*—sorrow ; line 13, *unride*—AS. violently ; line 15, *bremli*—AS. *brem*, fierce ; line 20, *For thaim war neuer in perlir ar*—the Cott. MS. reads, *For thai war neuer in parel mar* ; line 29, *forfwonkin*—from forfwink, to overwork, or weary one's self with work ; line 30, *quillum*—the Cott. MS. reads *quelm*, overwhelmed ; line 40, *bileft*—from *bileve*, to leave or remain ; line 41, *bot of bale*—remedy of evil.

Page xix., line 3, *filk*—or *slik*, such ; line 6, *kid*—pr. of *kithe*, to make known ; line 11, *med*—glad ; line 27, *lithe*—to comfort ; line 33, *pru*—profit, advantage ; line 38, *ethe*—easy.

Page xx., line 2, *Leued siben*—Lady bright ; line 27, *farnet*—probably, crew, AS. *faru*, a company ; line 38, *Asetnes*—AS. *asetnys*, a regulation ; line 41, *in stedis fel*—in many places.

Page xxi., line 4, *in lede*—literally “in language,” an expression common in ancient poems, and equivalent to “I tell you,” see Jamieson's Scot. Dict., sub voce “leid ;” line 18, *rekin*—recount, reckon ; line 23, *setlis*—AS. *seats* ; line 24, *on ferrum*—from afar ; line 28, *drigte*—lord, generally applied to Jesus Christ ; line 38, *mistim*—mis-time ; *forfarne*—loft, ruined.

Page 1, line 2, *Anfald*—AS. *anfeald*, one fold ; line 4, *A God a*

miht in perſons iii—one God one power in three perſons ; line 8, *ger*—to cauſe, N. giora ; line 10, *loken in thi welding*—included in thy government, loc AS. an incloſure ; *welding*, AS. wealdan, to govern, to wield ; line 15, *gaſt of ſchilawifnes*—ſpirit of diſcrimination.

Page 2, line 3, *red*—or rad, afraid ; line 4, *wrenk*—a trick, AS. wrence ; the C. MS. reads *wrankys* ; line 6, *quantis*—AN. cunning ; line 8, *biht*—promiſed ; line 11, *bird*—it behoves, N. byrjar, Dan. bōr ; line 14, *rode*—or rood, AS. a croſs ; line 15, *unkind*—unnatural ; line 18, *lof*—praiſe ; line 24, *horde*—AS. ſtore, treaſure ; line 26, for an read *au*—ought ; the C. MS. reads *aght*.

Page 3, line 6, *In god oys*—in good uſe ; line 17, for *Godes wiſdom*, read *god es wiſdom* ; line 19, *pouert*—poverty ; line 23, *laued men*—laymen, *laued* from AS. leode, léud, the people.

Page 4, line 4, *wonand*—AS. wunnian, to dwell ; line 7, *almous*—charity ; line 10, *yeme*—or *zeme*, to take care of, or proteſt ; line 13, *ſcathe*—harm, AS. ſceðan ; line 22, *ſeer ſaues*—various ſayings.

Page 5, line 3, *undo*—expound ; line 6, *bede*—prayer, AS. ; line 13, *menſkelie*—graciously, AS. menniſc, human ; line 20, *ert*—AN. to conſtrain.

Page 6, line 4, *ſcendſchipe*—deſtruction, AS. ſcénan, to deſtroy ; line 5, *halwe*—the ſaints ; line 6, *til ſauel hel*—to ſalvation of the ſoul, the C. MS. reads, *to ſaue fra belle*.

Page 7, line 1, *fulthe*—fulneſs, AS. fulð ; line 4, *belde*—protection ; *ſleis and felle*—fleſh and ſkin ; *leſing*—falſehood, AS. leas ; line 16, *gabbid*—deluded, AS. gabban.

Page 8, line 6, *leſſe*—releaſe.

Page 9, line 11, *graithe*—prepare.

Page 10, line 17, *wod hony*—wild honey ; line 19, *a ſtiſther gom*—a ſtronger man—gom from AS. guma, a man.

Page 11, line 11, *biging*—AS. byggan, to build ; line 19, *der-worthines*—honour, AS. deorwurð.

Page 12, line 13, *ſchop*—created, AS. ſcyppan ; line 14, *dubbed*—

AS. *dubban*, to make ; line 25, *felid*—N. *fela*, to conceal , line 26, *telid*—AS. *tælan*, to mock or cheat.

Page 13, line 3, *witerlye*—certainly ; line 9, *fanded*—tried, from AS. *fandian*, to try or to tempt ; *ithenlye*—busily, Scot. *ithand*, *ythen*, *eident* ; line 10, *To harl him in til his balye*—to entangle or drag him into his dominions ; *balye* sometimes means stewardship, and the expression, *When I am oute of my baly*, or stewardship, occurs in the C. MS. in reference to the parable of the unjust steward ; line 12, *other are*—others before ; the C. MS. reads *wit outenear*—with foreigners.

Page 14, line 8, *ro*—peace, N. *ró* ; line 10, *bette*—made better.

Page 15, line 12, *lithe*—hear, Dan. *lyde* ; line 13, *wede*—to go mad, AS. *wedan* ; line 17, *rify*—frequently, the C. MS. reads *ryuely* ; line 25, *rewed*—AS. *hreowan*, to repent.

Page 16, line 2, *wanhop*—despair, want of hope ; line 4, *blin*—cease ; *mesel*—a leper.

Page 17, line 2, *grede*—AS. *grædan*, to cry out ; line 3, *wes*—washed ; line 4, *eyen*—pl. of eye , line 7, *blotned*—from *blote*, to dry, hence the well known word “bLOATER,” a herring dried in smoke ; *fmerfles*—AS. *fmérels*, ointment ; line 10, *fmer*—to anoint, AS. *fmerian* ; *gent*—gentle ; line 20, *nebe*—to approach ; line 23, *yem*—AS. heed.

Page 18, line 3, *fefe*—many, AS. *feala* ; line 10, *fiez*—the C. MS. reads *ftryue*.

Page 19, line 20, *win*—joy, AS. *wyn* ; line 25, *blast of bem*—blast of trumpet ; *bem*, from AS. *beme* ; line 26, *dem*—judge.

Page 20, line 1, *quem*—agreeable, AS. *cweman* ; line 2, *wik*—wicked ; line 4, *flem*—AS. *flyman*, to banish ; line 17, *famen*—together.

Page 21, line 8, *wandreth*—ON. *vandrædi*, forrow ; *ten*—AS. *teona*, harm ; line 9, *duin*—AS. *dwinan*, to pine, or waste away ; line 10, *baret*—trouble, N. *baratta* ; line 11, *werd*—world ; *rednes*—or *radnes*, terror, AS. *hréð* ; line 12, *uglines*—fear, *dismay* ; line 14, *fteuin*—AS. *stefen*, noise.

Page 22, line 2, *maistri*—superiority; *pouste*—AN. power; line 5, *biing*—redemption; line 20, *Ne mai na miht fordo ne felle*—no power may destroy or subvert.

Page 23, line 24, *kinric*—kingdom; line 10, *grife*—frighten, AS. *a-gryfan*, line 13, *breu*—brew; line 14, *gleu*—mirth, glee; line 15, *wers*—wars; line 16, *derf*—N. *diarfr*, strongly; *deres*—injures, AS. *derian*; line 20, *That bers of baret be ful irk*—the C. MS. reads, *That aght of baret be ful yrk*; line 25, *habt*—or aght, possessions; line 26, *stures*—strife, N. *styr*.

Page 24, line 17, *thusgat*—or thus-gates, AS., in this manner; line 18, *scurn*—the C. MS. reads *schurne*.

Page 25, line 11, *Sain Jerom telles*, &c.—Several versions of these fifteen signs which were supposed to precede the day of Judgment will be found, along with an interesting note, in the “Chester Mysteries,” edited for the Shakespeare Society by Thomas Wright, Esq. (vol. ii., pp. 147 and 219). No copy of the original is to be found, however, in the Benedictine edition of Jerome’s works, although nearly all the versions refer to Jerome as having found them in some Hebrew MS. In the part of the “Curfor Mundi” contained in the MS. from which this volume is printed, and alluded to in the Introduction, the following lines occur:—

“Als Jeromme, that well man trowis,
Telles he fand in the bok of Juwis.”

The version of Jerome will therefore probably be found in some of his writings deemed spurious by the editors of his works, and consequently omitted in the printed editions.

It is interesting here to remark, that the famous Scottish poet, Sir David Lyndsay, seems to have been familiar with this treatise of Jerome, and in his “Monarchie, or ane dialog betwix Experience and ane Courteour,” written about the year 1550, he gives an account of these fifteen signs in Scottish verse. The following extracts (Chalmers’ ed.,

vol. iii., pp. 131 and 136) show the similarity between the version of Lyndfay and that given in the text :—

And mony toknis dois appeir,
 As efter ſchortlye thow ſall heir,
 How that Sanct Jerome doith indyte,
 That he hes red, in Hebrew wryte,
 Of fyftene ſignis, in ſpeciall,
 Afore that jugement generall :
 Off ſum of thame I tak na cure,
 Quhilk I fynd nocht, in the Scripture.
 Ane part of thame, thoct I declare,
 Firſt, will I, to the Scripture, fare.
 Chriſt ſayis, afore that day of dome,
 Thare ſal be ſignis in ſonne, and mone,
 The ſonne ſall hyde his bemis bricht,
 Sa that the mone ſall geve na licht,
 Sterris, be mennis jugement,
 Sall fall furth of the firmament :

* * * *

The horribyll ſoundis of the fey,
 The pepill ſall perturbe, and fley ;¹
 Jerome ſayis, it ſall ryſe on hicht,
 Abone montanis to mennis ſicht,
 Bot it ſall nocht ſpred over the land,
 Bot lyke ane wall evin ſtraucht upftand ;
 Syne ſattill doun agane ſa law,
 That na man ſall the watter knaw,
 Greit quahlis ſall rummeis, rout, and rair,²
 Quhoſe ſound redound ſall in the air :
 All fiſche, and monſtouris, marvellous,
 Sall cry, with ſoundis odious,
 That men, ſall widder on the eird,³
 And weping, wary ſall their weird,⁴
 With lowde allace ! and wellaway !
 That ever thay baid⁵ to ſe that day,
 And ſpeciallye thoſe, that dwelland be,
 Apone the coſtis of the fee :

¹ Frighten.

² Toſs, bellow, and roar.

³ Wither on the earth !

⁴ Shall curſe their deſtiny.

⁵ Staid.

Richt fa, as Sanct Jerome concludis,
 Sall be sene ferleis,¹ in the fludis,
 The fey, with moving marvellous,
 Sall byrn, with flammis furious;
 Richt fa fall byrn fontane, and flude,
 All herbe, and tre, fall sweit lyke blude,
 Fowlis fall fall furth of the air,
 Wylde beiftis to the plane repair.
 And in thair maner mak greit mone,
 Gowland with mony grislye grone.²
 The bodeis of deid creaturis
 Appeir fall on thair sepulturis;
 Than fall baith men, wemen, and bairnis,
 Cum crepand furth of how³ cavernis,
 Quhare thay for dreid wer hid afore,
 With sich, and sob, and hartis fore;
 Wandring about, as thay war wode,⁴
 Effamischit, for falt of fude;
 None may mak utheris comforting,
 Bot, dule for dule, and lamenting
 Quhat may thay do bot weip, and wonder,
 Quhen thay se roches schaik, in schounder,
 Throw trimlyng of the irth, and quaiking:
 Of forrow, than, fal be na slaiking,⁵
 Quha that bene levand, in those dayis,
 May tell of terribill affrayis:
 Thair riches, rentis, nor tressfour,
 That tyme, fall do thame small plesour;
 Bot, quhen sic wonderis dois appeir,
 Men may be sure, the day drawis neir:
 That iuste men pas fall to the glore,
 Injusste to pane for ever more.

line 16, *boln*—AS. fwell; line 17, *fel*—or felle, a hill; line 25, *mer-juine* and *qualle*—dolphin or porpoise, and whale.

Page 26, line 1, *ber*—AS. noise; line 22, *asse*—judgment; line 23, *at a schift*—the C. MS. reads *at a fight*; line 26, *rathe*—speedily.

¹ Wonders.

² Howling with many a terrible groan.

³ Hollow.

⁴ *Wode*; mad; as in Wiclif and Chaucer.

⁵ *Slaiking*; quenching.

Page 27, line 16 [herbis]—the MS. reads *iftis*—which seems a mistake ; line 17, *que diruet edes*—probably *quia* would be a better reading.

Page 28, line 3, *stabunt*—after this word a line seems necessary to complete both the sense and the rhyme. The Rev. Mr Power has suggested the following line as suitable for the purpose :—

“ *Ossa iterumque fuis se carnibus associabunt.* ”

line 17, *leuer*—rather.

Page 29, line 3, *feres*—companions, AS. *fera* ; *felle*—cruel, AS. *fell*, line 7, *in pines welle*—rage in pain ; *welle*, AS. *weallan*, to boil or rage, *ligges*—lies, AS. *liggan* ; line 18, *nefen*—ON. *nefna*, to name ; line 25, *A blak munk*, &c.—This singular spiritualistic tale seems to have been one of the popular stories current in England at an early period. Roger of Wendover inserts in his Chronicle (A.D. 1072) a tale of a similar character, and states that the circumstances occurred at Nantes about that time. It will be found in Dr Giles' Translation (Bohn's ed. vol. i. p. 339) under the heading “ Digression concerning the two Confederate Priests ; ” line 27, *enfermer*—probably the Infirmary of the Abbey, the C. MS. reads, *was in a farmory*.

Page 30, line 6, *lufreden*—AS. *luf-ræden*, love, good will ; line 7, *auntour*—perchance ; line 24, *bon*—ON. *bôn*, prayer.

Page 31, line 4, *lemes*—AS. *leóma*, bright ; line 11, *ferly*—wonder, line 18, *drif*—AS. *drifan*, to drive.

Page 32, line 1, *reuel*—rule ; *sain Benet*—St Benedict, line 3, *rapli*—AS. speedily ; line 5, *ouerlop*—the C. MS. reads *overlepe* ; line 8, *meld*—to betray, AS. *meldian*, Dan. *melde* ; line 22, *kele*—AS. *celan*, to grow cold ; line 26, *ment*—pr. of *mene*, to remember.

Page 33, line 7, *rounge*—AN. to gnaw ; line 16, *wonges wete*—wet cheeks ; *wonge*, AS. *wang*, the cheek.

Page 34, line 8, *bote*—remedy, AS. *bót*.

Page 35, line 12, *mas me ful rife*—the C. MS. reads, *mak my name ryf* ; line 14, *sclaunderd*—AN. *sclaunder*, slander ; line 15, *eftand nithe*

—this expression occurs at p. 125, line 2, and again at p. 130, line 5; heftand, in Scot., signifies abiding, lasting; *nithe*—hatred, AS. nið; the C. MS. reads, *the Jewes has me nyght*.

Page 36, line 16, *traues*—the C. MS. reads *thraues*, AS. ðrea, punishment; line 17, *beld*—incline or bend, AS. healdan, hyldan; line 18, *wede*—to go mad; line 22, *fliker*—AS. fliccerian, to flutter; the C. MS. reads *flykil*.

Page 37, line 8, *fanding*—temptation; line 11, *bifend*—AS. byfn, a pattern or similitude; line 13, *glottherers*—deceivers, Scot. gludder, to cajole; the C. MS. reads *gluterer*.

Page 38, line 2, *snibbed*—rebuked; *missè*—wickedly; line 19, *mired*—AS. myrran, to obstruct, hinder; line 21, *chefsoun*—AN. achaisfon, cause.

Page 39, line 11, *payed*—pleased; line 17, *dele*—AS. share; line 26, *hefd*—or heued, the head.

Page 40, line 7, *wewed*—part. of weve, to cut off; line 14, *wrech*—AS. wracu, revenge, spite; line 15, *queller*—an executioner, AS. cwellan, to kill; the C. MS. reads *sqwier*; line 23, *thurt*—need; line 24, *wewid*—from weve, to move, same as wave, wag; line 26, *loued*—praised.

Page 41, line 23, *wlank*—AS. fair, proud; line 24, *fairhede*—beauty.

Page 43, line 2, *ros*—praise; line 7, *elles*—else; *forze*—regard; line 12, *lates*—AS. lætan, to think, regard; *betheli*—contemptuously, ON. háðung; *tray*—vexation, AS. tregian, to trouble.

Page 44, line 6, *ya*—yes; line 9, *hit*—for hiht, promised; line 22, *mar than a prophet*—the MS. reads *mar and prophet*; line 26, *bibet*—promised.

Page 45, line 5, *flum*—AN. a river.

Page 48, line 10, *fundered*—separate.

Page 49, line 18, *ongart*—Scot. ogart, arrogance; line 24, *mak*—companion, equal; line 26, *bendelaic*—politeness; *bend*—polite.

Page 50, line 3, *rewli*—AS. hreow, cruel; the C. MS. reads *reufully*; line 7, for *wad*—read *wald*; line 12, *der*—to dare; line 14, *nitte*—AS. nitan, to be ignorant, ON. neita, nîta, to deny.

Page 51, line 4, *lewte*—AN. loyalty ; line 23, *laythe*—loathsome.

Page 52, line 5, *lete*—to leave ; line 9, *charre*—to stop, or turn back, the C. MS. reads *skar* ; line 26, *livelad*—the C. MS. reads *lyfyng*.

Page 53, line 2, *Buxumnes*—AS. bōcfum, obedient ; line 5, *werid*—curfed, AS. werigan, to curse ; line 6, *waharmes aye*—the C. MS. reads, *war forow es ay* ; line 15, *It was a man*, &c.—This singular tale is an English version of one of the French Fabliaux of the 12th and 13th centuries, which, as the French language was at that time common in England, were freely current in the literature of both nations. M. Le Grand, in 1781, published abridgements of these Fabliaux in 4 vols. 8vo, and the 4th vol. of that work contains such of them as were of a religious nature, or as he terms them, “Contes devots.” In that vol. (p. 14) an account of the original of the tale now printed will be found, entitled “Du Pèlerin qui s’origenisa pour l’amour de S. Jacques.” The pilgrim is there described as “un riche bourgeois de Bourgogne,” who proposed to set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St James (of Compostella) in Galicia. Le Grand states that he had seen a MS., with miniatures, in which the sacrifice of the pilgrim was represented in a manner “très pittoresque.”

Page 55, *lette*—AS. lettan, to hinder ; line 12, *wil to*—wilt thou ; line 21, *wob*—AS. wóh, wrong, blame.

Page 57, line 8, *yem*—to protect ; line 15, *monc in Cluny*—the C. MS. reads *monc in cloyster* ; line 24, *a red merk*—the C. MS. reads *a rede rande merke*.

Page 58, line 3, *rayk*—to ramble or deviate ; line 4, *laik*—AS. play.

Page 59, line 2, *snellik*—quickly ; line 5, *lend*—to dwell.

Page 60, line 1, *Va*—the C. MS. reads *wa and wandreth* ; line 6, *wiht*—courageous.

Page 61, line 2, *skift*—AS. sciftan, to ordain ; line 3, *serely*—differently ; line 5, *wilgern*—the C. MS. reads *wyld*, in C. MS. Dd.I. I. *wilful* ; line 6, *not*—or note, business, employment ; line 23, *trouage*—in C. MS. *trewage*.

Page 62, line 8, *borwis*—boroughs ; line 11, *menye*—AN. a household.

Page 63, line 5, *berberie*—the C. MS. reads *barbargerie*, a lodging ; line 7, *pendize*—a shed ; *wawles*—the C. MS. reads *waghles*, without walls ; line 9, *critbe*—the C. MS. reads *crybe* ; line 17, *And by fore*, &c.—This passage, to page 77, line 14, is supplied from the C. MS., Gg.V. 31.

Page 64, line 3, *radnes*—fear ; line 23, *stretbe*—AS. *stræte*, a couch, or bed.

Page 66, line 3, *tronne*—AN. a throne ; line 9, *loutes*—AS. *lútan*, to bow, or make obeisance ; line 12, *unsely*—unhappy ; line 16, *athe*—each.

Page 69, line 5, *beuwyfe*—or, biwift, place of resort ; line 20, *flayed*—frightened ; line 53, *pantre*—AN. a net or snare ; *gylders*—snares.

Page 70, line 5, *Makary*—St Macarius the Egyptian. This incident in his life will be found related in the Bollandist “*Acta Sanctorum*,” tom. 1, p. 1007.

Page 71, line 23, *borghes*—AS. securities.

Pages 72, line 4, *borow*—security ; line 18, *sely*—uncommonly.

Page 74, line 8, *esse*—the Ash. MS. reads *ees*.

Page 75, line 9, *and saide that he*—the C. MS. reads *that stod him by*, merely repeating the previous line, the words supplied are from the Ash. MS. ; line 20, *was ment*—the C. MS. reads *whos myght*.

Page 77, *And bethen men*, &c.—This passage to page 83, line 18, is wanting in the C. MS. Gg. V. 31. It is supplied by an extract from the Ash. MS. No. 42.

Page 80, line 24, *For allgate buye me*—for by all means it behoves me.

Page 81, line 24, *letbe*—enmity, AS. *lað*.

Page 82, line 4, *strotbe*—to destroy, AS. *strudan* ; *spill*—to spoil, AS. *spillan* ; line 22, *leue*—dear, AS. *leof* ; *luttbye*—or *loteby*, a lover.

Page 84, line 2, *kepes*—to take care, AS. *cêpan* ; line 26, for *forthi*—read *forth*.

Page 86, line 12, *letbed*—comforted.

Page 87, line 24, *pleined*—the C. MS. reads *plened*, complained.

Page 88, line 8, *supplied* from C. MS. ; line 15, *chanded*—changed ; *ouri*—dirty, untidy ; the C. MS. reads *owen*.

Page 89, line 2, *fwinc*—labour ; line 16, *wain*—probably from AS. *winnan*, to strive with ; the C. MS. reads *warne*, to deny or refuse.

Page 91, line 4, *wrak*—evil, AS. *wræc* ; line 10, *fit*—or, fite, shame ; line 13, *bar a child*—the C. MS. reads, *a foukand chyld* ; line 24, *thoru kind*—by nature.

Page 95, line 10, *namcouthe*—known by name, well known, AS. *nam-cúð* ; *thede*—AS. *peod*, a country ; line 16, *gift*—a lodging ; line 25, for *bete*—read *fête*.

Page 96, line 1, *in vaidye*—the C. MS. reads *ful coutly*.

Page 97, line 6, *rekelis*—A. S. *récylys*, incense ; line 25, *a fleuin*—the C. MS. reads *a stern*.

Page 99, line 15, *roches*—rocks ; line 16, *rafes*—dead bodies, AS. *hræw*, Dut. *rif*, a corpse.

Page 101, line 10, *lan*—for land ; line 11, *yol niht*—Yule, or Christmas eve ; line 18, for *feir*—went far.

Page 102, line 9, *holde*—faithful, kind.

Page 103, line 10, *hon*—AS. *hynan*, Pl. D. *honen*, to humble ; line 18, *til*—or, *tille*, to entice.

Page 107, line 4, *wodes*—the C. MS. reads *duelled* ; line 5, *methe*—respect, AS. *maeð*.

Page 108, line 5, *laub*—law, Scot. *lauch* ; line 6, *willed*—strayed, Scot. to go wyll, to go astray.

Page 109, line 25, *underlout*—obedient ; line 15, *thewes*—manners, moral qualities.

Page 110, line 5, for *man*—read *men* ; line 10, *modi*—high minded ; line 26, *recolage*—AN. *wantonnes*.

Page 111, line 5, *sleves*—sleeves, the C. MS. reads *gloues* ; line 6, *bate*—hot.

Page 112, line 1, *quen hali kirk*, &c.—This tale is a version of the well known account given by Clemens Alexandrinus (*Quis dives falvetur*, c. 42) as a veritable historical tradition, of the Apostle John, when visiting the Christians in Ephesus, reclaiming a young man from vicious courses, and making him a worthy member of the Christian community. See Neander's *History of the Planting of Christianity* (Bohn's ed., p. 411); line 2, *fyfel*—occupied, Dan. *fyffel*, ON. *fysla*, occupation, labour; line 10, *unbewed*—ill-mannered; line 12, *thro*—ON. throaz, to grow or increase; line 19, *biteche*—AS. *betecan*, to entrust to.

Page 113, line 16, *schawes*—thickets.

Page 115, line 22, *plawes*—AS. *pleoh*, danger.

Page 117, line 26, *That geres man for Godd be red*—the C. MS. reads, *That gars man for good be kydd*.

Page 118, line 3, *ryke*—AS. a kingdom.

Page 120, line 5, *brukel*—brittle; hence frail, weak, delicate; the C. MS. reads *brufell*; line 12, *vantrauth*—unbelief, line 18, *birled*—AS. *birelian*, *byrlian*, to pour; *schal*—or *skalle*, a drinking cup or goblet; line 21, *feteles*—AS. *fætels*, vessels; the C. MS. reads, *sex stane potes*; line 22, *cumand*—the C. MS. reads *cofome*.

Page 121, line 1, *dib*—dip; line 22, *matirmoyne*—the C. MS. reads *matrimon*.

Page 123, line 21, *lat*—the C. MS. reads *voice*.

Page 124, line 20, *kemes*—a loose sort of garment for women, in French, *chemise*.

Page 125, line 2, *eft and nithe and felouny*—the C. MS. reads *wbyth gret enuy and felony*.

Page 126, line 6, *fern*—a crowd, or company, AS. *faru*; line 10, *wem*—blemish; line 11, *bele*—AS. *helan*, to conceal; the C. MS. reads *fele*.

Page 127, line 23, *lepi*—or *anlepi*, fingle, AS., *an-lepig*.

Page 128, line 7, *payen*—AN., a pagan; line 22, *quenen*—AS.

cwanian, Pl. D., kwynen, to mourn, to languish; the C. MS. reads *torment*; line 23, *in ouer mirkenes*—the C. MS. reads *in mekyll mirknes*.

Page 129, line 26, *unberly*—mean, Teut. unherrlich.

Page 130, line 19, *unthriuand*—unfortunate, the C. MS. reads *unthrewand*.

Page 131, line 126, *belid*—concealed.

Page 133, line 8, *gledes*—burning coals, AS., gled.

Page 135, line 11, *rad*—the C. MS. reads *raid*; line 14, *coftes*—in C. MS. *goftes*; line 24, *bare*—in C. MS. *that*.

Page 136, line 6, *quale*—in C. MS. *walle*, a whale; *elringe*—in C. MS. *beryng*; line 8, *lobbekeling*—a kind of fish; line 12, *ftorm*—in C. MS. *ftreme*.

Page 137, line 4, *warnes*—refuses; line 11, *catele*—goods, property, line 19, *wite*—or wyte, AS. to reproach.

Page 138, line 5, *wlanc*—A.S. proud; the C. MS. reads *wankyll*; line 6, *to do fle*—in C. MS. *togeder you fle*.

Page 139, line 1, *Pers*—in C. MS. *Peres*; line 5, *okering*—ufury, in C. MS. *ocuryng*; line 6, *corfing*—the C. MS. reads *curfyng*.

Page 140, line 11, *will of wan*—at a los for a place of security.

Page 141, line 7, *nederes*—adders; line 9, *arfkes*—water newts; line 14, *that arc he fperid*—he shut the chest; the C. MS. reads *he afked a faverde*; line 25, *tale*—reckoning, to give no tale, to make no account of.

Page 142, line 7, for *haft*—read *hafd*; the C. MS. reads *hafd he na hope*; line 23, *wanes*—dwelling.

Page 143, line 8, *fertered*—enshrined, AN. fertre, a shrine.

Page 145, line 3, *hufband*—AS. a farmer; line 12, *hine*—farm labourers.

Page 146, line 16, *lathe*—a barn.

Page 147, line 19, *fithe*, times, AS. fið, time, occasion.

Page 148, line 3, *And of this fede*—the original of this curious tale is not to be found in Jerome's works. A story somewhat similar is related in the Life of St Godric, published by the Surtees Society

(p. 248). Line 6, *wagfli*—in C. MS. *wyldernes*; line 9, *boystes*—AN. boxes; line 10, *ampolies*—AN. small bottles, in Latin, *ampullæ*; the C. MS. reads *verres*; line 20, *houfel*—in C. MS. *houfyll*.

Page 149, line 12, *dobt*—AS. *dugan*, to avail or profit; line 20 *batte*—pr. of *hight*, called.

Page 151, line 1, *eft*—again; line 4, *frain*—AS. *fregnan*, to inquire; line 9, *chaffar*—bargaining, AS. *ceapian*; line 10, *lurdanes*—AN. clowns, sluggards; line 12, *kache*—drive; in C. MS. *chaffe*; line 19, for *chare*, probably read *thare*; line 20, *founde*—AS. to go towards.

Page 152, line 1, *tele*—deceive; line 9, *schille*—AS. *scelan*, to separate.

Page 154, line 9, *Rob*—probably for *rov*, AS. *reov*, cloth; the C. MS. reads *Bot*; line 12, *brokel*—in C. MS. *bryfell*; see note to p. 120, l. 5; *neys*—in C. MS. *nefch*, soft.

Page 155, line 18, *lay*—AS. religious observance.

Page 156, line 12, *habad*—in C. MS. *abayd*; line 26, for *uen* read *quen*.

Page 158, line 8, *torfir*—hardship, Scot. *torfeir*, *torfer*; *martyrye*—AN. torture; line 25, *douf*—in C. MS. *dowe*—a dove.

Page 159, line 12 for *feyght*, read *feyght*.

Page 160, line 24, *cerges*—tapers.

Page 161, line 3, *reuefted*—clothed.

Page 162, line 6, *fleece*—in C. MS. *frenkth*; line 11, *raht*—AS. *raecan*, to extend; line 14, *flec*—in C. MS. *fleked*, AS. *ftigan*, to get up; line 22, *avifion*—a vision.

Page 164, line 4, *fyfel*—in C. MS. *buffy*, see note to p. 112, l. 2; line 15, *That mai ye fe*, &c. The original of this tale appears among the ancient French Fabliaux, and an account of it will be found in Le Grand's "Contes Devots" (p. 18), under the title "De l'Abbes qui devient enceinte;" line 20, *fueland*—in C. MS. *fpreuland*.

Page 165, line 15, *fpense*—in C. MS. *fpensar*, a butler; line 22, *dern*—secret, AS.

Page 166, line 26, *daw*—a day, AS. *dæg*.

Page 167, line 2, *herbere*—a garden; in C. MS. *arbur*; line 11, *Wreyed*—betrayed; line 16, *forthoht*—suspected; line 22, *That the byschop*, &c. This line, to the end of the text, is printed from the C. MS., Gg. V. 31; line 26, *dreght*—AS. *dreogan*, to suffer.

Page 169, line 16, *aldyr fryste*—first of all; the Ash. MS. reads *allether fyrst*.

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